How to Cheat on Your Income Tax: A Guide /75c

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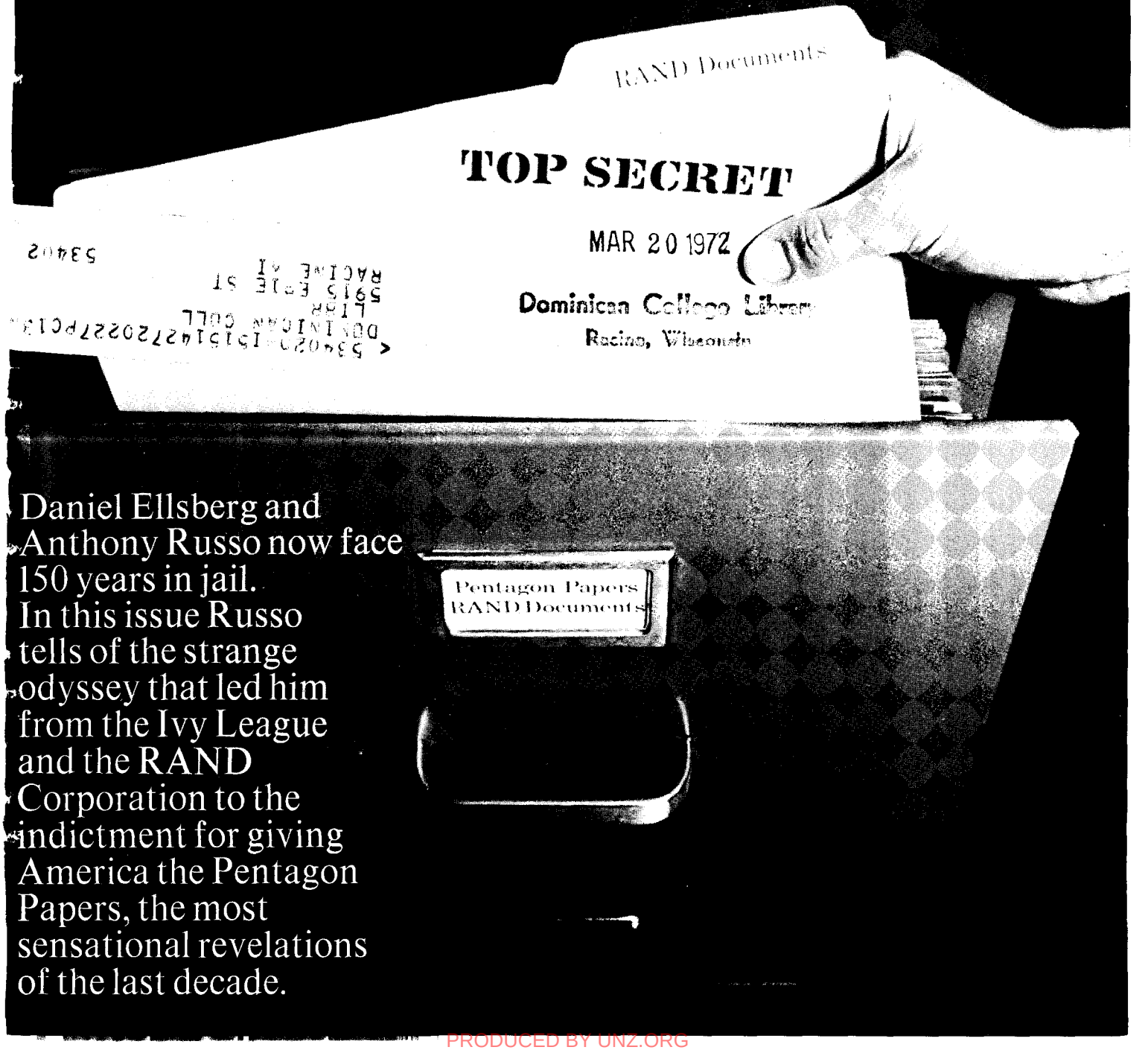

Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo now face 150 years in jail. In this issue Russo tells of the strange odyssey that led him from the Ivy League and the RAND Corporation to the indictment for giving America the Pentagon Papers, the most sensational revelations of the last decade.

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Up, Up and Away?
No no, Over Down and In.

The aim of Ramparts' tours is not romantic escape. It is more like a flight to a new reality. We do not stand in line to file in lockstep past the tourist shrines. We do not stay at the Hiltons, we do not visit Greece, Brazil or Portugal. But more important than what we subtract from the usual commercial tour is what Ramparts adds. We use our good contacts in each country to assure an insider's view of places selected for their political and cultural interests, and we arrange tours that no individual traveler could set up on his own, and no commercial travel agency would bother with.

Chile

Chile must be the most interesting country in this hemisphere. The peaceful revolution there is as unique as the country's natural beauty and grace. Our itinerary includes a full week of political and cultural events: tours of El Teniente nationalized copper mine, visits to a worker-controlled factory, a hospital, child care center, school and to Che Guevara squatters township, meetings with government officials, politicos from left to right, labor unionists, teachers, and worker-priests. The second week is for vacationing outside of Santiago: the ocean, lakes and fjords and the Andes. June 17–July 2, July 8–23 and August 5–20. Sixteen days, $850 from New York, $925 from Los Angeles.

East Africa

As Chile offers a new Latin American political model, so Tanzania serves for black African nations, newly free and attempting to radically reform domestic institutions and steer an independent foreign policy. Politics and cultural events will dominate this itinerary, which includes Nairobi in Kenya, for meetings with political representatives, students and workers plus tours; then onto the game preserves at Serengeti and Ngorongoro crater and the Moshe/Arusha areas, finally to dar es Salaam in time for Saba Saba Day, the major national holiday and fair. July 1–22, twenty-one days, about $1400 from New York.

Israel

A unique introduction to new political controversies: the question of withdrawal from the occupied lands, the effect of several hundred thousand Palestinian Arabs inside the Israeli economy, the growing tensions between Oriental and European Jews and the program of the Israeli left opposition. We will meet with a wide range of political viewpoints, visit artists, journalists, officials, students, stay overnight at a kibbutz, and travel to the Sinai, through the Negev, to Eilat, Sharm el Sheikh, Jerusalem, Galilee, the Golan Heights, Nazareth and the Dead Sea. Late September for 21 days, about $1000 from New York.

Russia & London

A week in London, two in Russia, including Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa and Moscow. Various departure dates this summer, but reservations close soon. Twenty-one days, $680 from New York.

Scandinavia & East Germany

Including a close look at Scandinavian social democracy, health and housing, the cooperatives, urban planning; plus extensive sightseeing in the Norwegian fjords, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, Dresden, Leipzig and Berlin. July 3–24, $825 from New York.

Prices include airfare, all tours, most or all meals. For detailed itinerary and further information, write Ramparts, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley 94704.

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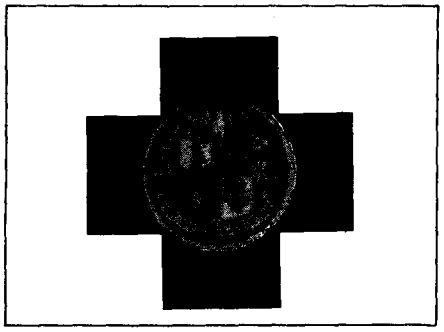

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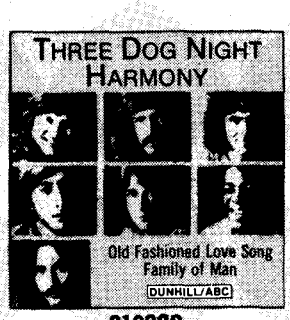

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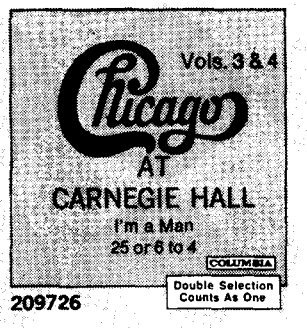

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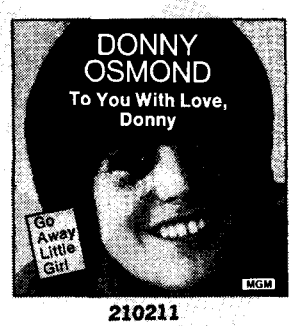

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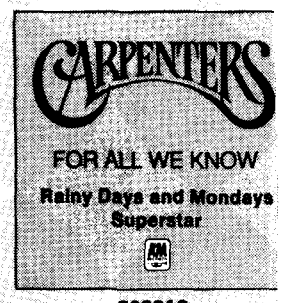

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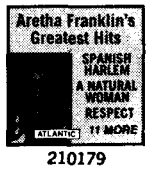

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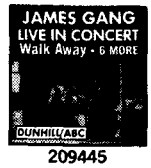

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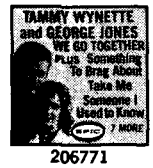

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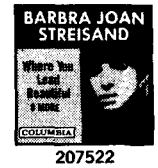

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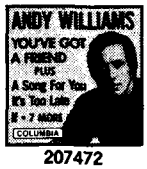

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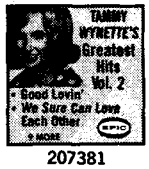

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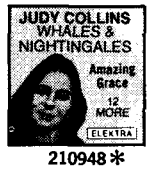

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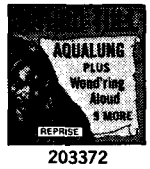

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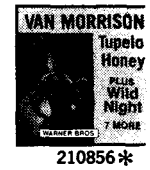

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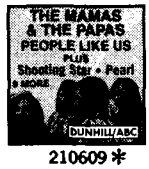

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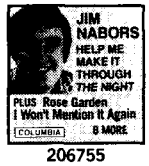

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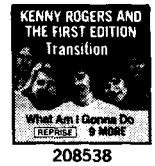

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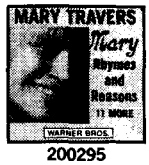

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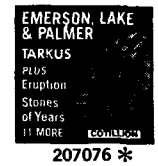

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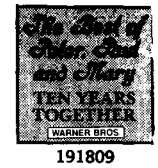

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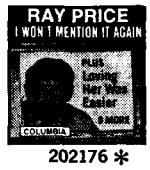

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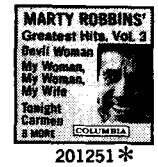

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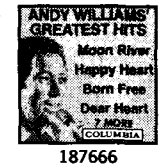

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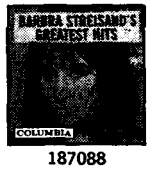

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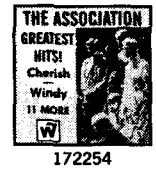

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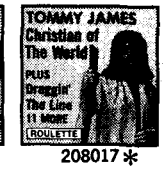

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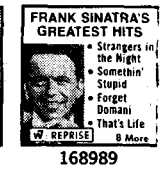

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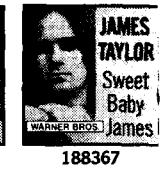

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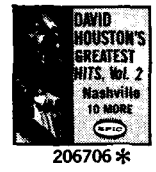

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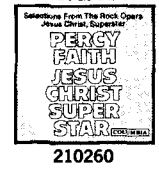

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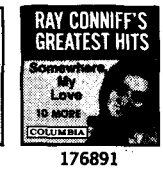

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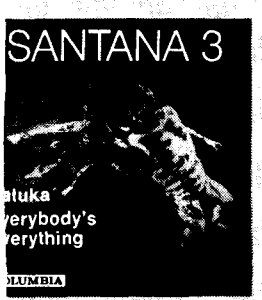

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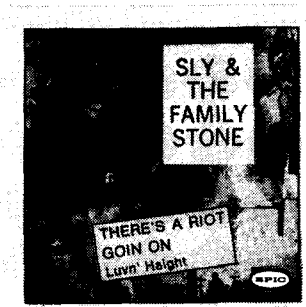

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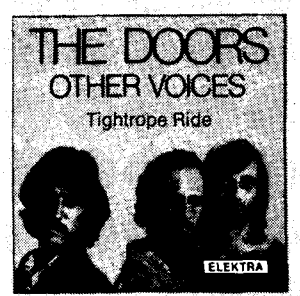

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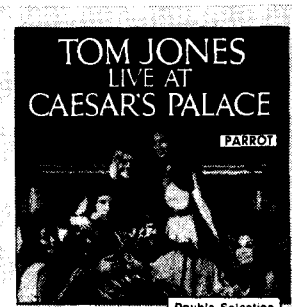

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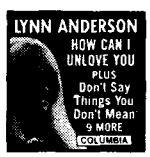

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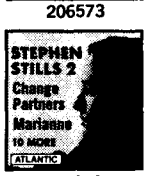

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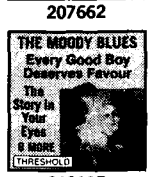

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Vietnam and the Elections: Old Myths and New Realities

"Our whole political experience has taught us: keep your distance from the central institutions of American life. . . . The characteristic fear of the '60s, the catchword of political menace: Cooption. And the inverse of the political menace was the political strategy: dissociation, abstention, boycott. But if we have nothing to offer, we have nothing to withhold. . . . The New Left has not been coopted, but it has nearly disappeared."

WHEN THE DEMAND FOR U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam was first taken up by the radical anti-war movement almost ten years ago, the liberal doves denounced it as simplistic, divisive and utopian. Today there is not a politician in sight who does not pay lip service to withdrawal. President Nixon, who has dropped more tons of bombs on Vietnam in three years of winding down the war than President Johnson did in five years of escalating it, included U.S. withdrawal in his "generous offer" of January 25. The President, of course far too generous to offer withdrawal alone, offered Withdrawal Plus Democracy. As Noam Chomsky shows in the accompanying article [page 12], Nixon's "Democracy" is a program for the surrender of the Vietnamese revolution to the Saigon army and police.

The demand for withdrawal can be distorted. Politicians can use it as cover for a continuing involvement that they cannot openly defend. Still, in this election, for the first time the radical movement has established the terms of the Vietnam debate; our demand is now the test of what the politicians can acknowledge and what they must conceal. They have been compelled to talk withdrawal. The question is whether they can be forced to mean it. Will there be peace, or another "settlement" as in 1954?

American political leaders will attempt to quiet popular opposition by phasing out the most overt instruments of U.S. intervention while maintaining effective U.S. domination over Vietnam. Ever since we brought Ngo Dinh Diem out of his retirement in the Maryknoll seminary in New Jersey and made him Premier of South Vietnam, we have hoped to make the successive Saigon client governments do our work for us in Vietnam. Now this policy is being pursued with new optimism. Years of saturation bombing, of unremitting carnage, have weakened the fabric of Vietnamese society, and taken their toll of the indigenous forces of Vietnamese nationalism represented by the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG). Ten years ago Vietnam's population was 85 percent rural; today it is 45 percent. Large-scale U.S. investment programs are in progress to strengthen the Saigon government's material base, and ambitious plans for "post-war development" indicate that America's economic potentates are not counting on defeat. They hope to build up a foreign-dominated economy that will give the Saigon government enough social weight to dominate the political future of Vietnam. That continued dominance is the key to U.S. strategy in Vietnam. To achieve it, everything else—from the presence of uniformed U.S. personnel, to the individual welfare of President Thieu—is dispensible.

So, for example, in February Edmund Muskie proposed the withdrawal of American soldiers, sailors, and airmen from all of Indochina. That is all to the good. But his second point (for which he may even be prepared to use U.S. aid as leverage) is "to urge the government in Saigon to make a political accommodation with all the elements of their society." What this means is to force the Saigon government to broaden its base, by including even the Vietcong. Revealed in this proposal is the hope that the Saigon government will be so strong, the revolutionary forces of Vietnamese nationalism so battered, and the U.S. anti-war movement so gullible, that the PRG can be forced into the role of junior partner in a coalition government.

By contrast, the radical demand for withdrawal must be not to broaden the Saigon government's base but to pull the rug out from under it, precisely to deprive it of its foreign supplied power in the internal politics of Vietnam. By the time a new President can take office next January, the U.S. will have handed over to Saigon a massive war machine, along with huge reserves and supplies, all defined by Nixon as "Vietnamese" and therefore immune to withdrawal. Uniformed American ground forces are being pulled out anyway. Our direct military leverage is air power. What does it mean to "withdraw" air power? We have fast-moving aircraft carriers, and long-range B-52 bombers. Our promises of bombing halts have proved worthless. As long as the Saigon government stands—Thieu or no Thieu—the implicit threat of U.S. air power stands behind it.

At a minimum we must demand an unconditional end to all aid to the Saigon government, both military aid and economic. In this situation there is no distinction; our economic aid in effect finances our mercenary army. (Any "humanitarian" exceptions such as an imported rice dole must be funnelled through an international

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Of course there is no guarantee that any promise wrested from a candidate will be performed when he is elected. Far from it. But building a popular mandate, clarifying the issue, pinning the candidates down to an unequivocal commitment—all this is an important political process. It is sometimes even enough to "keep the politicians honest." It is certainly not wasted when the promise is broken. The sharpened consciousness of the issue, combined with the outrage of betrayal, form a potent basis for future direct action and mass struggle. Even Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam peace mandate of 1964, such as it was, was important to the rise of the anti-war movement. It is all the more important now to sharpen the demand for withdrawal and establish the clearest possible mandate for it. More specifically, in this election year radicals must ask themselves how pressure can be brought to bear on the political contests to force the issue of real withdrawal in a way the politicians cannot evade.

WHILE MANY RADICALS WILL agree with this analysis of the withdrawal issue, many will not respond to the call for engagement at the electoral level that the logic of the struggle would seem to entail. According to the established political principles of the New Left, this is the kind of political contribution radicals are not supposed to make. By the canons of our conventional wisdom, radicals are barred from the main electoral arena. This belief is so pervasive on the left and so significant an obstacle to reviving the anti-war struggle and carrying it through to success, that it merits a full-scale discussion in itself.

The arguments against electoral involvement are familiar: electoral politics are a seductive delusion, a charade, a diversion of energies, a trap. There is truth in all of them. We have all seen dissenters hooked on "the art of the possible" by the Democratic Party. But we must realize that these days, amidst the remnants of our movement, the old epithets have a hollow ring. "A diversion of energies?" If only there were energies to divert.

The anti-electoral orientation of the New Left was supposed to encourage serious organizing and lead to long-term continuity. It didn't work out that way. Obviously something went wrong with the political approach that we developed. It has left us weak in spite of an increasing potential for radical strength, and now it bars us from intervening in the area of our greatest achievement and most profound responsibility. How can we *not* engage ourselves in this process in which the fate of Vietnam is now unfolding? Yet everything in our origins and in the dynamics of our growth teaches us to keep away.

The New Left emerged in reaction to the stultifying cold war consensus of the '50s. Our original self-definition as a political movement came from our opposition to the liberals and the nominal socialists, who were immobilized by absorption, conformity and compromise. Dissociation from this mainstream was an intensely radicalizing principal. The cold war ruling consensus was profoundly vulnerable because it was wildly out of line with the developing world reality. The picture of America as the Affluent Society and the altruistic defender of Democracy was to confront a decade of war in Vietnam and a crisis of race and poverty at home. In such conditions the mere articulation of principled dissent was devastating, like the child's observation that, as one could plainly see, the Emperor was bare.

> "There is a danger not only of being absorbed into existing political life but also of losing contact with it, and with the people we are trying to reach."

The formative experience of the New Left was in the brilliant achievements of the anti-war movement, in the steady vindication of its uncompromising vision on Vietnam. Each escalating departure from the mainstream brought new success: from letters to Congressmen, to petitions, to marches, civil disobedience, draft resistance, militant street confrontations, from "Negotiations Now" to "Immediate Withdrawal"; from fifteen thousand on the first Vietnam Day to demonstrations of more than a million. Until recently it seemed that the only danger was the backsliders, the compromisers, and they were consistently discredited.

As the '60s ended, this linear progression stopped working. The superior force of our vision of the Vietnam War was no longer so clear for everyone to see. Nixon was pulling out, the draft slowed, the casualty rate declined. And when progressive escalation of our tactics was taken to its logical conclusion by the Weathermen—"the heavier the better"—it led to disaster, confusion and disarray.

The movement of the '60s has not responded well to failure. We have not been equal to the sonorous portent of the question Lenin posed, "What Is To Be Done?" For us the question is more like, "What To Do?"

Our whole political experience has taught us: keep your distance from the central institutions of American life; they will enmesh the leaders in compromise, and seduce the followers with reforms. The characteristic fear of the '60s, the catchword of political menace: Cooption. And the inverse of the political menace was the political strategy: dissociation, abstention, boycott.

But if we have nothing to offer, we have nothing to withhold. We have tried to elevate the boycott into a total political program. We have boycotted everything from non-union grapes to Presidential elections. No institution can escape. We are absent everywhere. (What are you doing today? "I think I'll stay home and boycott the A&P." All day? "No just until it closes.")

Our vigilance was flawless, but one-sided; the New Left has not been coopted, but it has nearly disappeared.

IT IS TIME WE STARTED to learn what the experience of the '60s didn't teach us. We never faced the problem of formulating a program and making ourselves understood; we drew attention to the facts, and the facts spoke for themselves. We never really faced the problems of organiza-

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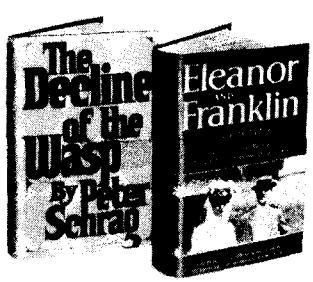

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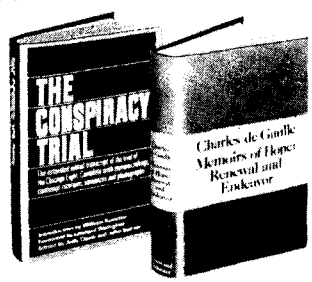

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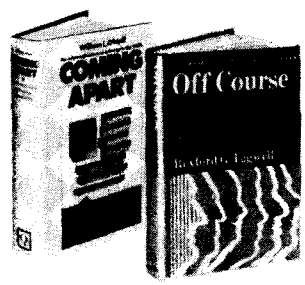

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tion; each "action" recreated the constituency of the movement. But the most critical lesson, in our state of fragmented isolation, is that there is a danger not only of being absorbed into existing political life but also of losing contact with it, and with the people we are trying to reach.

When radicals consider participation in the American electoral system, it is not out of admiration for its workings. No one questions the fundamental critique: the electoral system is rigged; the alternatives are imposed from above (rather blatantly if necessary as with Humphrey in 1968); candidates are not accountable to their supporters, and eventual betrayal can practically be assumed; the formal equality of the vote is far outweighed by the potent inequality of wealth, in the election itself (campaign funds, etc.), in the control of information, the shaping of ideology, and the control of the governmental structures into which the winning candidates are sent; the Democratic Party bears prime responsibility for the war, it is bound to the same ultimate interests as the Republicans, and it cannot be reformed; the whole is a system that provides the illusion of democracy without the substance.

But what strategic conclusions should we draw from these facts? A fairly typical example from a New Left argument against participation in the 1968 elections follows up a critique of the electoral system by calling for a general "deobfuscation of the existing reality." "That deobfuscation leads to a disengagement from existing institutions and value system, once people are aware of the manipulative nature of American corporate control . . . they must reject the rewards and demands of that society in order to clear the ground for a new conception of society." Even taken out of context such a statement is revealing. The notion that we can "clear the ground" by "disengagement from existing institutions" could seem plausible only to people rather marginally involved in those institutions in the first place: for example, middle-class students relying on parental support. Workers who rely on their "engagement with existing institutions" to live and eat might not find it so convenient to "reject the rewards."

A prime problem of revolution is precisely that the society lives by the institutions which must be transformed or overthrown. If only they really *were* just charades, everything would be much simpler. And radicals sometimes get so high minded and detached that they substitute this wish for the reality. The above-quoted analysis says "radicalization leads to an understanding that voting has nothing to do with changing your life." In that case, there would be no "rewards" to reject. It is not so much the illusion of power in electoral politics that radicals find dangerous, but the real influence it affords.

The radical notion of the "seductive illusions" of the electoral process is very much overstated. It acts as cover for the fact that radicals think people act like morons when they vote, whereas in fact people vote pretty rationally.

That doesn't mean they clearly perceive the limits of the system, but that within those limits they tend to use their votes to their best advantage. A program for radical independent politics has to start by recognizing that it is rational to vote, and generally speaking it is rational to vote for the "lesser evil." And when people fail to take the radicals' advice in their voting, it is generally not because they have been blinded by false consciousness, but because the radicals' advice doesn't make much sense.

The idea of the mesmerized voter leads to a kind of Pavlovian school of independent politics. Pavlovians believe that people vote for Democrats because of a compulsive habit that blocks any alternative. The solution is somehow to induce people to vote for a third party candidate; this is an intrinsically liberating act. They have broken through the block. And then having broken the Democratic habit, they start to become conditioned to third party voting.

Now in its worst form this leads radicals to induce that first habit-breaking vote by making the patently false "tweedledee tweedledum" argument, that the liberal and conservative candidates are indistinguishable, so there is nothing to lose from voting third party. Of course when the conservative like Reagan wins, the voter can see it does make a difference, that the radical steered him wrong, and the voter very sensibly rejects any further guidance. There are even radicals who think a Reagan "radicalizes" people, makes them hate the system, but in fact people blame their troubles on Reagan, not the system, and they pine for a Democrat.

The more respectable Pavlovians make a more reasonable argument: that there are differences between the candidates, but they are smaller than they are made out to be; the Democrat may be better but he is still pretty bad, and we'd be much better off with a party of our own, which would present the radical alternative that we really need; finally, to help build this, it is worth risking the somewhat greater evil of Republicanism.

Now this makes good sense if the votes really help build a serious party. But when the number of voters in the third party is ridiculously small, it doesn't build, it just gets smaller. The Pavlovians believe it will start small and gradually grow, because they think that once you've voted independent you get the independence habit, you're hooked. In reality people don't see how their vote is building a real party, how the vote they are throwing into the third party to win say one percent of the votes cast is going to convince anyone else that it is a hot prospect. So they go back to the Democrats for good reason, while the radicals scratch their heads.

Building an independent radical electoral party, as one face of a radical movement whose concerns and strategies extend beyond elections, is a goal of prime importance. Too often, however, our attempts at independent politics simply teach people that, if they are powerless with the Democrats, they are even more powerless with us. We have been asking people to choose between their present political influence, which we minimize or ignore, and a future power we don't know how to build.

Once again the fear of cooption makes it hard to see our way clear of this dilemma. We tend to see every gain people make in the system as a cooptive threat, which strengthens their illusions and keeps them in line. Some radicals have the sense that the perfect radicalizing experience occurs when you get people together to demand something and they fail. If they do get

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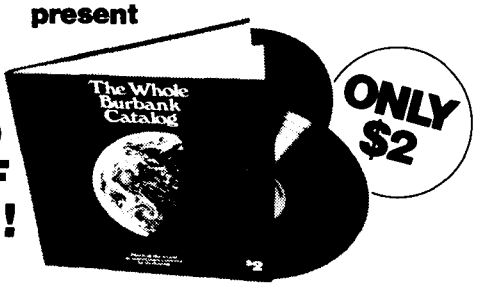

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what they ask for, there is the danger of cooption. In reality, failure has very limited utility, and what it does have is mostly for middle-class college students, who are shocked to discover that the social institutions are not designed to meet people's reasonable demands. But once or twice is enough to convince most people. After that, failure merely instills despair.

When people organize and win, they have themselves to thank, not the system, and generally they know it. And the concession, far from coopting them, makes them feel their collective power, encourages them to try for more, and encourages others to imitate and join them.

It is a mistake in the first place to think that the social system sustains itself primarily by cooption. This is rather like the liberal pluralist view of society as a number of consciously active interest groups, whose pursuit of their interests lead to a balanced resolution of the issues of power. Actually, cooption is something of an emergency measure, conceding to an especially troublesome group a share of the limited resources of privilege. It is in the nature of privilege that there is not enough to go around. (Of course, a concession is only cooptive if it quiets the source of the trouble rather than, say, encourages militancy.) Privileged rule is maintained not primarily by keeping people satisfied, but by keeping them apathetic, atomized, misinformed, above all isolated and passive.

These immobilizing influences are also our real enemies on the Left. We guard against cooption, but these have laid us low. We worry about illusions, but our real problem is despair; we have become disillusioned not only with the system but with ourselves. We are fragmented, not because we had an organization and lost it but because we have lost the easy trust and confidence in each other, the good faith in our leaders, and the simple consensus of issues and tactics which we substituted for organization. Now the issues and tactics have become more complicated. No doubt many of the leaders were irresponsible. Certainly the Weatherpeople did great damage. There was no Left authority to reject them so they were accepted at their word; they were the revolutionaries, and the people rejected the revolution. And our experience of independent electoral politics didn't help; it taught not collective power but collective impotence.

OUR FIRST PROBLEM on the Left is to shake off the feeling of failure by confronting our own success. To get rid of the idea that the movement "gave up" because it was exhausted by wasted effort, the idea that "nothing worked." The extraordinary achievements of the New Left of the '60s belie this notion. We have been instrumental in a transformation of American politics unimaginable in the "I like Ike" era of a dozen years ago. As politics have shifted, the system has materially weakened. Even the Army, sorely disaffected, is not an unquestioning instrument. The resources and options of imperialism have been sharply curtailed. The most timid reforms in Guatemala and the Dominican Republic once brought down immediate direct intervention. The sweeping nationalizations in Chile, whatever the eventual developments may be, already have demonstrated that U.S. freedom of action has been significantly reduced.

Vietnam is one of the issues about which people sometimes say "nothing worked." But in fact popular opposition played a decisive role in limiting U.S. options of escalation and massive troop presence. While the government wished to discourage us by pretending publicly to be unmoved by protest, the internal memoranda in the Pentagon Papers time and again point to popular protest as a major obstacle to military policy.

There have been no recent successes to restore confidence in the system. The war has not been won, and the economy is not prosperous. The large numbers of people who were protesters and sympathizers may be immobilized, but they are still there. Once we realize our own strength, it is clear that we really can begin to move, to pull our forces back together, to formulate and achieve some of the demands of the growing radical consciousness in America. Perhaps in the proper order organization should come first, then program. But right now we have no significant national organization. We can, however, start moving together on the issues that profoundly unite us, such as the issue of Vietnam. And to find each other again in the midst of action, to coordinate and extend it, is the beginning and essence of organization. The election provides a challenge and an opportunity.

Our goal should be to make the radical presence a serious independent factor in the electoral process. We should organize as radicals, develop and articulate a radical critique of the politics we confront. We should build loyalty only to radical organization, and undermine loyalty to the Democratic Party. The first condition of radical electoral participation is that we do it on our own terms.

When radicals decide to support a liberal candidate, it should be on a clearly limited basis. We should not merge our forces with his, but try to act as a unit, through independent campaign committees, etc. We should not simply steer people into the campaign but draw people into our independent committees, from inside and outside the regular campaign. We should exercise complete freedom of criticism, taking this opportunity to present a radical viewpoint in a context where people are listening. If the candidate takes a good position on Vietnam, fine, we will reinforce it. But we will also raise our own questions. What about pulling out of the 2000 other military bases that the U.S. maintains all over the world? Whose interests are they there to serve? What about giving assistance to Cuba and Chile? What about distinguishing the U.S. national interest from the interests of U.S. investors abroad?

Radicals should make clear that, whether we support or oppose a liberal candidate, we reject his liberalism. We should lay out specific conditions for our support, demands that we insist on, and we should use our independence to insure that these demands are met. Our ability to force an issue depends on the readiness to reward or to punish, to wield the carrot or the stick. When we do move into opposition, third party campaigns, etc., it will be on the persuasive basis of our rejected demands and the clear value of a credible threat.

Such a campaign this year would be a significant step forward in inde-

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pendent politics for the New Left: not the bureaucratic formula of unconditional third party politics that wards off cooption along with influence and growth, but the independent politics that overcomes the terrible passivity of the electoral system. We are supposed to respond as isolated individuals to the politics that is given to us from above. For people to join together, to force questions, to create options, not to accept what is handed down, that is a real and challenging enterprise.

If we take ourselves seriously, build credibility and continuity, we will lay the basis for a future independent political party, a party that has its own radical program but is prepared both to negotiate agreements of support based on specific issues and to move into serious and damaging opposition if the demands on these issues are not met. That kind of party would give people a forseeable reason for voting with it, even when it meant defeating a lesser evil, because the power gained from such an ability to deliver political punishment is immediate, focused, and substantial.

This is a critical period for the Left. There are seven months left between now and the Presidential election, and we are without a strategy for confronting it. Are we really saving ourselves for some higher task? Perhaps we should recall Lenin's words. "Defeated armies learn well," he wrote, noting that chief among their lessons was "the viewpoint that it is *obligatory* to participate even in the most reactionary parliament. . . ." The time for the ideology of opting out has past. It served its purpose, but new realities demand new strategies. We need to make the issue of real and complete withdrawal from Vietnam clear in this election. We need to begin now to create the kind of independent politics in which people can feel and value their collective strength and not see their every act as the efflorescence of despair.

—David Kolodney

Nixon's Peace Offer

The fundamental issue at stake in the Indochina war has always been a relatively simple one; is the United States (or the French before it) to have a predominant voice in determining the political and social structure of Indochina, or will this question be settled by the Indochinese peoples themselves, relatively free from outside intervention? It has been fairly clear from the outset that, if external force were withdrawn, Vietnam would ultimately be unified under communist leadership, since the Viet Minh and its successors had "captured" the nationalist movement, as U.S. government analysts express it. In Laos, the Pathet Lao have been unmatched in their ability to construct a popular nationalist political movement, in this case, too, with revolutionary social content. U.S. intervention from the late 1950s has drawn North Vietnam increasingly into Laotian affairs, much as in South Vietnam and more recently Cambodia, where the March 1970 coup, very likely with a CIA hand, and the US-ARVN invasion that followed, shattered a fragile though conceivably stable neutralism and increased the probability that Cambodia too will be brought ultimately into a communist-led federation of some sort if outside force is withdrawn.

For reasons that need not detain us here, the United States has never been willing to tolerate the "loss" of Indochina, and remains unwilling today. The conditions of U.S. intervention have changed over the years, but not the essential goals. Furthermore, the basic problem facing the Western invaders has also changed little during the past quarter century. Several years ago, an American military spokesman formulated the problem clearly: the U.S. has enormous military force but little political power and must defeat an adversary with enormous political power but only modest military force. To this problem the U.S. must find the "proper response"—in Vietnam and elsewhere in the third world as well. (Jean Lacouture, *Vietnam: Between Two Truces*, 1966).

This problem dictates American strategy. The basic strategy has been, necessarily, to demolish the social and political structures in which the indigenous resistance is rooted, what is called "nation-building" by some of the more contemptible hypocrites spawned in the course of this endeavor, for example, Robert Komer, chief Presidential advisor on "pacification" in the Johnson Administration. Five years ago, he held out the hope that "erosion of southern VC strength" may be feasible because, though none of the American programs are very efficient, "we are grinding the enemy down by sheer weight and mass" (*Pentagon Papers,* Beacon, volume IV). After the Tet offensive of 1968, it became clear that the American public would not long tolerate the costs of a continuing military occupation in South Vietnam, coupled with a costly air war against the North. Consequently, the direct U.S. troop commitment was leveled off and then gradually lowered through "Vietnamization"—a policy suggested by Pentagon systems analysts in 1967—while a sharply expanded technological war reached its peak in the early months of the Nixon Administration.

Nixon and Kissinger are gambling that the massive destruction and forced population concentration in the South, with its devastating impact on the rural society, may create conditions under which the U.S.-imposed regime can survive. To use Robert Komer's terms, "thanks to massive U.S. military intervention at horrendous cost," a "favorable military environment" has been created "in which the largely political competition for control and support of the key rural population could begin again" in this "revolutionary, largely political conflict" (*J. of International Affairs,* 1971, no. 1). He fails to add that control of the "key rural population" may be facilitated by the fact that at least half the population, 85 percent rural in 1960, now lives in urban ghettoes (J-C Pomonti, *Foreign Affairs,* Jan. 1972), part of the "horrendous cost" of "massive U.S. military intervention." Much the same is true in Laos and Cambodia. Nixon and Kissinger appear to be moving towards an effective partition of Indochina: the heavily settled areas of Laos, South Vietnam and Cambodia will, it is hoped, be separated from the resistance forces by a ring of fire and destruction, controlled by an elaborate

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military and police apparatus, and gradually absorbed within the U.S.-Japan Pacific system. The vast areas ceded to the resistance will be subjected to intensive bombardment which will continue to make an organized social life virtually impossible. Parts of Laos may be effectively incorporated within Thailand, as George Ball suggested years ago. It may be that the willingness of the Administration to concede the presence of Thai mercenaries in Laos (in conflict with explicit legislation designed to prevent this) reflects the need to prepare the public for this outcome.

As the very knowledgeable Australian analyst Peter King observes, such "successes" as have been achieved in this program are "no mystery": "It requires more than ordinary courage for civilians to maintain their political allegiances openly in the face of a semi-genocidal counter-insurgent strategy" (*Pacific Affairs,* Fall 1971), the prerequisite for Komer-style "nation-building." It is this counter-insurgent strategy and its results that lead General Westmoreland to believe: "I think particularly significant is that the enemy does not have the strong infrastructure and the guerrilla forces in large numbers, well equipped and highly motivated, that he had in 1968" (Peter Osnos, *Washington Post-Boston Globe,* Feb. 1, 1972). However, as King and many others recognize, "the durability of that success may be doubted."

Given the insistence of the U.S. public on scaling down the direct American involvement, it has been obvious for several years that it would become necessary for the U.S. to engage in some sort of political manipulations within the areas of South Vietnam that remain under U.S. control, or to "get ready for political competition in South Vietnam," as Harvard Professor Samuel Huntington put it in a paper before the May 1969 meeting of the Council on Vietnamese Studies of SEADAG. This collection of scholars, who claim to be concerned with support for research on Vietnam, struggled manfully with the problem of how to ensure control at the national level for "our side," given that the NLF remains "the most powerful purely political national organization," "the strongest political group in South Vietnam," even after the massive destruction and forced population concentration of the preceding years. They considered a variety of means that could be used to control and manipulate the political process so that the Saigon regime could be maintained in power, despite its political weakness. The Nixon-Kissinger gambit revealed in the past few months falls into place quite naturally within this evolving strategy.

On July 1, 1971, the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG) presented a seven-point plan calling for the total withdrawal of U.S. forces and an end to U.S. interference in the internal affairs of South Vietnam, specifically, an end to U.S. support for the Thieu regime. In return, the safe exit of American forces would be guaranteed and all military and civilian prisoners would be released. After the formation of a "government of national concord" in South Vietnam, a cease-fire would be observed between the liberation forces and the Saigon army, and elections would be arranged along with other measures of reconciliation. The PRG proposal could have been tacitly accepted by permitting election of a government which, in place of the Thieu program of "four no's," would have undertaken direct negotiations with the PRG. This outcome, of course, was not tolerable to the U.S., because it would have meant that the U.S. would no longer have a preponderant role in determining the social and economic structure of South Vietnam. Therefore, the PRG proposal was met with silence, and U.S. military and economic force, the determining factor in the internal affairs of the Saigon-ruled sections of South Vietnam, was employed to guarantee the election of General Thieu in the uncontested election of last October.

In his January 25 address, President Nixon stated that his Administration did not reply to the seven-point PRG plan because North Vietnam had proposed instead that he deal with a secret nine-point North Vietnamese plan which "insisted that we overthrow the government of South Vietnam." The claim was not credible. If the seven-point plan, which says nothing about overthrowing the government of South Vietnam, was acceptable to the Nixon Administration, then it would surely have lost nothing by making this fact public. If the seven-point plan was not acceptable, then why the emphasis on the alleged demand that the U.S. overthrow the Thieu government, as the implied point of major disagreement?

The publication of the secret North Vietnamese plan (Feb. 1) makes clear that the President was, once again, misleading the American public. Point 3 states:

> "In South Vietnam, the United States should stop supporting Thieu-Ky-Khiem so that there may be set up in Saigon a new administration standing for peace, independence, neutrality and democracy. The Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Vietnam will enter into talks with that administration to settle the internal affairs of South Vietnam and to achieve national concord."

This is no different from the relevant portions of the PRG seven-point plan, contrary to Nixon's assertion that it was "a different package of proposals" which "posed a dilemma" to the U.S. in that it "insisted that we overthrow the government of South Vietnam." It is, incidentally, not entirely clear why the President persists in the kind of deception that is sure to be quickly exposed. He complains that "Some of our citizens have become accustomed to think that whatever our government says must be false, and whatever our enemies say must be true." For some perverse reason, he seems intent on reinforcing this belief.

The political content of the latest Nixon-Kissinger proposal is hardly obscure. As James Reston pointed out in the *N.Y. Times* (Jan. 28):

> "Mr. Nixon is demanding, not only the release of the P.O.W.'s, but the neutralization of all of Indochina, the end of all infiltration by foreign troops (are the South Vietnamese Communists 'foreign' in South Vietnam?), a cease-fire and an election process which is virtually certain to restore the Thieu government to power in Saigon."

This is an accurate assessment.

Kissinger has asserted, significantly, that "there is no debate . . . about the cease-fire as part of the settlement"; the cease-fire "is not a contentious

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issue." A comparison of the various plans makes clear that the cease-fire is, on the contrary, a highly contentious issue. The seven-point plan calls for a cease-fire between South Vietnamese forces "as soon as a government of national concord is formed." The Democratic Republic of Vietnam's nine-point program calls for a cease-fire after the signing of agreements on the termination of U.S. support for the Thieu regime and on steps leading to the formation of such a government of "national concord."

In contrast, the plan as outlined by President Nixon calls for "withdrawal of all American forces in exchange for the release of all prisoners of war and a cease-fire." Although Kissinger, perhaps tongue-in-cheek, refers to the North Vietnamese as "masters in ambiguity," the President's speech is otherwise imprecise with regard to timing. But the refusal to adopt the PRG-DRV timing, and the plan as published (Feb. 1) indicate the intention that the present regime shall remain in power, with American support, after the cease-fire has gone into effect, and that the full administrative, police, and military structure of the Thieu regime will remain intact until the election (with a formal, and rather meaningless resignation of Thieu himself a month prior to the election). Under these conditions, cease-fire means, in effect, surrender by the resistance forces to the Saigon army and police. The latter will, of course, not be disarmed under the cease-fire. They will continue to "root out the VC infrastructure" by the Phoenix program of assassination and terror and other repressive measures, calling these "police actions," and will deal similarly with other dissidents. But any resistance will be described as a violation of the cease-fire and attributed to the "North Vietnamese," this being a generic term for anyone in Indochina who does not obey American orders. As in the past, the American media will continue to refer faithfully to resistance as "North Vietnamese" or "North Vietnamese-inspired."

No one in South Vietnam is likely to be deluded by these maneuvers. The existing situation has been aptly described by Nguyen Van Trung, former chairman of the faculty of letters at Saigon University, in an op-ed column in the *N.Y. Times* (Jan. 27):

> "American policy in Vietnam is aimed at keeping a small group of capitalists and a part of the intelligentsia happy and willing to accept the master's payments. . . . The poor are silent. The common people, whether in the city or in the countryside, cannot raise their voices because they are threatened by bombs and guns that have an American label."

In the ensuing elections, to be organized in a society controlled from top to bottom by the guns and money of the Thieu regime, all with an American label, the peasants, as before, will vote "out of fear, forced by eager men who terrorize the powerless" (Trung's phrase). Another leading Vietnamese commentator assessed the situation that will continue to exist quite accurately when he wrote that "The election laws in the Republic of Vietnam are laws designed to exclude all those patriotic people who have made the greatest contribution toward protecting their country and their villages and who will never be cowed by the foreigners" (Thieu Son, in the Saigon newspaper *Dien Tin*, Aug. 24, 1971, translated in *Thoi-Bao Ga*, Oct. 1971). Few Vietnamese will have difficulty identifying these "patriotic people," or in predicting their fate under the Nixon-Kissinger proposal for "peace."

An impotent international presence and token representation of PRG representatives, even if permitted, would change nothing. In a detailed analysis of the political balance in South Vietnam, Peter King (cited above) concludes that "the NLF is the only political group with a significant following in all provinces," while the Thieu regime has perhaps even a narrower base than its predecessors. There is a danger that, "American political intervention, based on a small combat presence and financial blackmail, will both prevent a settlement, and prolong the 25-year war." The Nixon-Kissinger plan is a transparent device to achieve this objective.

The Nixon-Kissinger plan is designed to permit the elite groups backed by the U.S. in Laos and Cambodia to consolidate their rule in alliance with the Thai and South Vietnamese elites in areas still under their control, areas containing the population that has been concentrated largely by U.S. and U.S.-backed ground sweeps and an air and artillery bombardment with few historical parallels. There is not much doubt that in Laos the Pathet Lao would be a dominant political force in any political conflict not determined by outside power, and though information from Cambodia is scanty, it is not unlikely that the Sihanoukist and Khmer Rouge movements would also attain a significant position in any political settlement based primarily on indigenous forces. But under the American plan, there will be no such political settlement. The U.S. will feel free to designate indigenous resistance forces as "aggressors" and "agents of foreign powers," as it has in the past. Thus any activity by those whom Thieu Son describes as "those patriotic people who have made the greatest contribution toward protecting their country and their villages" will be construed as a violation of the conditions of non-interference in the internal affairs of the Indochinese countries. The United States will feel free to "respond appropriately to North Vietnamese aggression" even if there are no organized units of the North Vietnamese army in South Vietnam (as was the case prior to mid-1965, if the Pentagon records are to be believed), and it will again call off elections, as in 1955–56, if it determines unilaterally that conditions are inappropriate. Those who follow the situation closely will be able to object, as they have done in the past, that this isn't the way the U.S. is supposed to play the game. It will do a lot of good.

The legitimacy of the U.S. plan can perhaps be defended, on the assumption that the United States has some special right to settle the internal affairs of other countries, as its leaders see fit. Putting this assumption aside, Americans have every right to conduct academic discussions on what is best for the Vietnamese, and the U.S. government has the right, under domestic and international law, to request the Security Council of the United Nations to determine the existence of a threat

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to peace in Indochina, if it perceives such a threat. Nothing more.

Of course, there is little likelihood that the U.S. terms will be accepted by the indigenous resistance forces of Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, or by the DRV. Although Nixon suggested that his decision to publicize the secret negotiations was intended to "help break a secret deadlock," it is more reasonable to assume that Nixon and Kissinger expect this disclosure to terminate the negotiations at least for a time, to confuse and fragment the domestic opposition to the war, and to prepare the ground for further American military actions in Indochina, which will be characterized as a response to North Vietnamese aggression, whatever the facts may be. The prospects, then, are for a continuing, bitter war. U.S. appropriations for munitions are higher for the current fiscal year than for the last, a better indication of what is expected than public statements by the President or the amiable gentleman who assists and advises him. The "semi-genocidal counter-insurgency strategy" will continue, with forced population removals such as those underway in I-Corps and continued repression in the areas under U.S.-ARVN control. Bombardment will continue, by U.S. forces operating from their South Vietnamese bases and, increasingly, their sanctuaries elsewhere, and by the air and helicopter forces of the Saigon authorities, which are gaining the capacity to devastate South Vietnam and much of Cambodia. The United States will, no doubt, attempt to induce foreign capital to invest in "free Vietnam," perhaps to develop industrialized free port areas around Camranh Bay and elsewhere, and in general to develop some framework for reconstructing, in accordance with the American image, the South Vietnamese society that has been "modernized" in so spectacular a manner by the ravages of war, as Arthur Smithies and other social scientists explain. Japan will probably respond, at some level, and perhaps international capital will, to some extent, follow the lead of the Ford Motor Co. and others and try to take at least temporary advantage of the opportunities afforded in "free Vietnam."

As to the longer-term prospects, beyond the inevitable death and suffering and destruction, one can only speculate. Much depends on the willingness of the American public to be deluded by the machinations of this Administration, or the next, and to tolerate continued intervention. Much will depend on the ability of those who are serious opponents of the war to establish the principle that the United States has neither the authority nor the competence to determine the path of social and economic development in Indochina, or to interfere in any way in the internal affairs of the people of Indochina.

—NOAM CHOMSKY

This article first appeared in Boston After Dark, *1108 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.*

Selling the Debt

JUST BEFORE THE 1968 elections, General Dwight D. Eisenhower delivered a double prediction on the future of Richard M. Nixon. "I think Dick's going to be elected President," he told one of Nixon's campaign aides, "but I think he's going to be a one-term President. I think he's really going to fight inflation, and that will kill him politically."

Half the prediction has come true of course, but what about the other half?

How far will Nixon go in fighting inflation so that in political terms, he knocks himself silly?

The best standard of judgment we can apply now is the multi-volume Budget Nixon presented to Congress in January. For fiscal '72, Nixon plans to come in about $25 billion overweight—this following an unplanned deficit of $38.8 billion in fiscal '71. And a mind-bending total of nearly $90 billion in deficits since the President assumed office in 1969.

This series of staggering deficits sent Democratic Party researchers running to the *New York Times Index* for vintage pre-election Nixon quotes. Naturally they found some gems. "The total deficit run up in the budgets of the Johnson years will amount to more than $55 million," said candidate Nixon in July 1968, raising his Republican skirts in horror. "This massive deficit has wracked and dislocated the economy; this massive deficit has plunged the free world monetary system into a profound crisis of credibility."

Back in those days, *El Tramposo* knew what was right and wrong and didn't mind telling the voters: "There is nothing the matter with the engine of free enterprise," he revealed, "that cannot be corrected by placing a prudent and sober engineer at the throttle." Statements like these of course are the pre-election after-dinner political flatus of conservative politicians everywhere. Eisenhower talked balanced budgets and racked up deficits, too. What's strange about this Republican administration is that even as the red ink flows, so too does the line of budgetary piffle, given out by Nixon's spokesmen. As late as July 1970, with deficits mounting, Nixon's Deputy Director of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) could declare to the National Press Club: "I don't think a deficit benefits anyone. It may work for a year or two, but in three of four or five years, you really pay the piper."

Quelle bêtise!

If you are going to run deficits, the point, as Democrats have honed to perfection, is not to prate on about the Piper, but to hint at the substantial windfall available to the citizenry because of the federal spill-over.

As long as Administration spokesmen choose to emphasize the matter, however, let's have a short analysis of the Piperism of the National Debt—who the Piper is, who pays him, and how much. Americans are very much aware of the staggering sums they let slide down the spit-shined sphincter of militarism each year, but interest payments on the federal debt—that is a subject scarcely broached at all in the public prints.

First of all the size of the interest payments; $22.7 billion. It's more than three times the federal money that goes to all the public assistance programs combined—Old Age, Aid to the Blind, Aid to the Permanently Disabled, emergency assistance, and Aid to Families with Dependent Children. It's four times bigger than the Unemployment Insurance Benefits program; twice the combined size of Medicare and Medicaid; three times all the money the federal government spends

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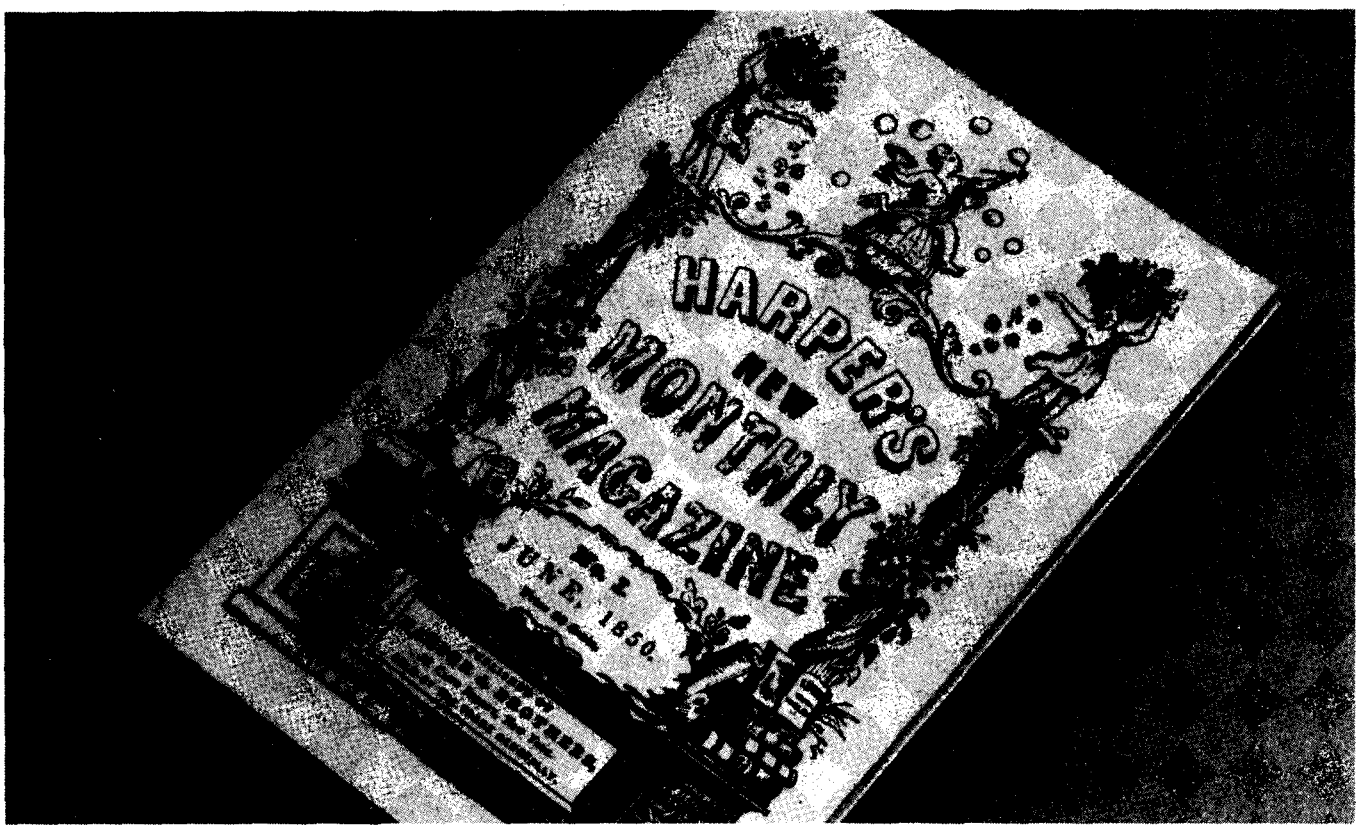

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on education, etc. etc. There is in fact only one program that gets more federal funds and that is, *horrible dictu*, Defense. Payments on the debt account for one out of every ten dollars that the federal government spends.

Economists argue, however, that interest payments of this size and the debt they service are really quite insignificant. All analogies between the national debt and the debt of an individual are, they chuckle, frightfully naive. "We owe it to ourselves," they point out. "We" it turns out, however, are the big commercial banks and the very rich—all those who can afford to purchase government bonds, whose price begins at $10,000. (The face value used to be $1000 before, but when middle-class savers got wind of the high interest payments and began to buy the bonds themselves, the Treasury raised the face value to $10,000.) Commercial banks and rich folk reap this $22 billion harvest, it should be remembered, without risking a thing. The chance of the government defaulting on its bonds is about the same as the likelihood of the Weatherpeople seizing state power in fiscal '73.

Clearly what all this represents is a transfer payment of about $280 yearly from ordinary taxpayers to the rich. Interest payments to the rich dwarf payments for any of the social programs the government provides for the poor or to citizens of ordinary means.

It's all part of the trickle up theory that forms the real basis of this administrations philosophy; and the unacknowledged practice of the Democrats whenever they get their hands on the federal spigot. Americans have realized for some time now that taxation, the source of federal funds, is raised unprogressively. It's about time that we realize that the budgetary process, the use of funds, is spent just as regressively. —R.F.

Zimbabwe!

IT ALL SEEMED AS ORDERLY as a London crowd waiting for a tram. After six years of "rebellion" touched off by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith's Unilateral Declaration of Independence from British colonial rule, a settlement had been reached. Not between Great Britain and the five million blacks who make up over 94 percent of the population of Rhodesia, but between British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home and the racist Smith regime, representing the quarter million whites who make up less than 5 percent. The settlement worked out in November 1971 was a model of British compromise, empiricism and Tory common sense. By giving propertied middle-class Africans the vote, it was more liberal than the 1969 apartheid "Constitution" promulgated by Smith, a gesture towards the liberal community. By excluding practically indefinitely the vast majority of unpropertied Africans from the franchise, the settlement reached out towards the racist community.

All that remained was to sell the agreement to the Africans and another tidy process of colonial devolution would be underway. Owners of the big foreign mining corporations (mainly British and South African) could relax and enjoy their dividends. The white Rhodesian farmers, petty shopkeepers and native manufacturers could enjoy new international legitimacy for their government.

Fanning out across the country, the British Commission, headed by Lord Pearce, split up into 14 teams. To explain the complicated settlement, the team members equipped themselves with visual aids such as magnetic blackboards and flash cards. For the Commissioners it was obviously a matter of edifying credulous natives about the distant blessings they would eventually receive from the settlement. How surprised they must have been when in urban and rural areas alike the Commissioners were greeted by large African crowds chanting "No! No!" When the British succeeded in holding a meeting, the Africans insisted on being heard in groups, so that their views could be heard *en masse*—not individually as the Commissioners had requested.

Even many erstwhile, faithful, indirect-rule African chiefs, the most conservative blacks in the country, who serve as traditional leaders salaried by the Rhodesian government, flabbergasted their paymasters by opposing settlement. Everywhere across the country, unarmed Africans utilized the only franchise available to them—a plebiscite of rocks, cat-calls, placards. White police units moved in, killing eight Africans in Umtali alone, shot, in the government's words, "whilst committing offenses." Scores of Africans were seriously injured and hundreds arrested. But the settlement, which the British Tory government announced at the outset was dependent on African assent, seemed doomed.

So shaken by the African uprising did Ian Smith appear that his speech on government-controlled television seemed, as charitable observers put it, "curiously inept." "Herr Smithy," as he is sometimes called, endorsed the 1969 apartheid Constitution as his favorite ruling instrument. But then he told his audience, "If the present generation of Africans are so stupid as to reject this offer of advancement for their people, they will bear the curses of their children forever." Smith repeated that his white constituents really preferred the 1969 racist Constitution, but that if Africans rejected the settlement he and the British had achieved so laboriously it would be "a most pleasant surprise—indeed, a great day in our history."

The history of Rhodesia—so named after Cecil Rhodes to impress the world with the permanent character of white settlement—is indeed great—great in murder, large in treachery, and abundant in looting. It began in 1888 when agents of Rhodes obtained a fraudulent agreement from King Lobengula of the indigenous Matabele people enabling Rhodes' British South Africa Company to obtain mineral rights to the kingdom for $100 a month. The appalling skein of Rhodesian history continued with the encouragement of white settlement, the wholesale slaughtering of African cattle, and the expropriation of African lands and the confinement of the African cultivator to granite-like reserves unfit for cultivation—actions designed to transform the native peoples into property-less workers forced to labor in foreign-owned mines to pay British-imposed taxes.

Throughout the entire period, the British government ceded effective

(Continued on page 64)

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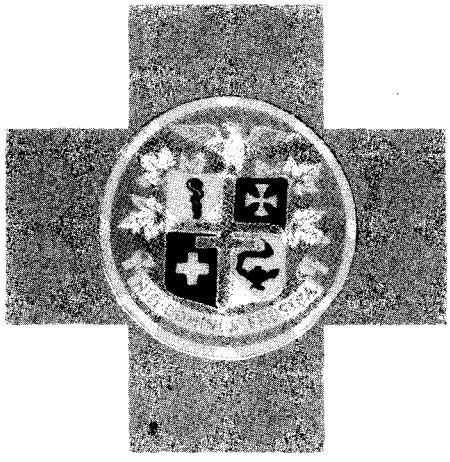
[Hard Times]

Health: The Blue Cross We Bear



"The Blue Cross-Blue Shield contractors charge the government an administrative fee . . . set at 4.5 percent of costs. This provides a positive incentive to increase costs, thereby producing more income for administration . . . . For the first time members of this subcommittee began to seriously question why it was necessary . . . to use Blue Cross-Blue Shield or any other insurance agent."

THE DEBATE OVER A PROGRAM for national health insurance is slowly taking shape in Washington. The politics involved are confusing, often unclear. They date back to the middle 1960s when the health industry and the government reached a basic accord over the issue of providing health care to the aged.

The basic compromise arranged in 1965 by Wilbur Mills, chairman of House Ways and Means Committee, was embodied in the Medicare legislation. Medicare allows doctors and hospitals to pretty much establish their own rates. The insurance industry, including Blue Cross, is employed as the "agent" of the federal government to administer the program. Since the Blue Cross trademark is owned by the American Hospital Association, and the plans are controlled on a local level by doctors and hospital administrators, Blue Cross' inclusion as an agent was double protection. In effect, Medicare was the vehicle through which the medical industry formed a coalition with the federal government on terms set and controlled by the industry.

Since then Medicare has come under increasingly sharp attack for high costs and inequities. The attacks began from the right, with investigations of alleged misuse by participants, then shifted to attacks by the insurance companies about red tape at Social Security. More recently the attacks have come to rest on the doctors, hospitals and insurance companies who have been accused of rigging fees, padding administrative costs, and in general inflating the program beyond anyone's expectations. Despite these charges and exposés, the fees for Medicare continue to rise and are routinely passed along to the older citizenry. (Indeed, Nixon's most recent proposal to eliminate all fees charged to old people is a sleight of hand; actually what he proposes to do is to shift the cost to the Social Security trust fund, out of which general benefits are paid, thereby passing along the inflated medical costs to the general population.)

As a result, there is increasing sketicism within Congress about the Medicare system itself, and some hesitation in employing this model in writing national health insurance.

It is in this general context then that the debate over national health insurance takes place. While there are several different legislative proposals for health insurance, they boil down to two basic proposals. The first, and probably at this point still the most popular, accepts the basic industrial-government coalition as spelled out in Medicare and embroiders upon the model. Proposals generally include federalization of Medicaid, introduction of some form of government-financed "catastrophic" health insurance and partial government contribution to health insurance for everyone else. The insurance would be administered by the insurance industry either directly on subsidy from the government or on some sort of fee basis as agents of the Social Security Administration. These proposals, which are endorsed by Nixon, Mills, and Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, extend and solidify the health industry-government accords of 1965. They are predicated on the theory that the health system as it exists is sound; they do not recognize the inflationary aspects of the insurance industry.

From the standpoint of the insurance industry this is a progressive view, because it helps to promote the trend away from insurance. Within the last few years, insurance companies have turned themselves into holding companies. Insurance is but one aspect of their business. They also are involved in real estate, computers, and other industries. The insurance

by James Ridgeway

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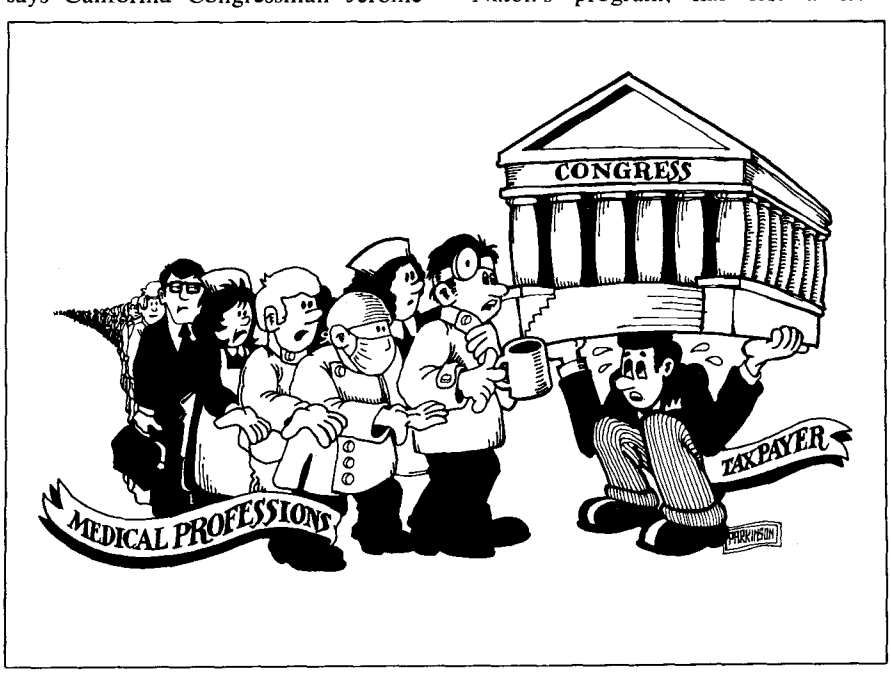
The second major health insurance program, proposed by Senator Kennedy and the large labor unions, would create a national health insurance system that would provide every individual free medical care. It would be administered through HEW by a board of five individuals appointed by the President. The proposal is radical in that it would altogether eliminate the insurance industry and seek innovations in the health delivery system.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IS fluid. The continuing scandals and mismanagement by insurance companies and Blue Cross in the Medicare program are unsettling, embarrassing to members of Congress. Congressmen, who usually shy clear of going after insurance companies, now, curiously, seem anxious to attack them. "I'd love to get into Medicare," says California Congressman Jerome Waldie, whose Retirement, Insurance and Health Benefits Subcommittee has been making headlines exposing Blue Cross incompetence in handling federal contracts. The Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, chaired by Phillip Hart, one of the sponsors of the Kennedy health legislation, is preparing investigations of the health insurance industry, including a look into the relationships between Blue Cross and the private insurance companies. (See RAMPARTS, May 1971). So, on one level, endorsing the insurance industry is becoming a political liability.

On a more subtle level the medical industry itself is changing. The *Wall Street Journal's* article on declining utilization in hospitals is widely discussed. Medical practice seems to be changing, with doctors themselves arguing for paramedical workers and emphasizing care outside the hospitals. These tendencies, some barely perceived, make writing a national health insurance program more complicated. Finally, in this election year, politicians, already faced with demands to increase the deficit, are leary of adding anything else to the tax load. Wilbur Mills, allegedly the most powerful man in Congress and the one who in the past has defined the issues on health, recently, lost esteem among the members of his own committee. Mills' performance on the tax bill, virtually drawing up and passing Nixon's program, has left a slow burn in many Democrats. Mills is openly denigrated by members of his own committee, called a pawn of Nixon. All of this makes for an unusually fluid, unclear political atmosphere.



Strategies and tactics shift from day to day, but here are the short term plans:

It is in the interest of the health establishment—Blue Cross, Blue Shield, private insurance companies, Social Security Administration, doctors—to enact some form of basic national health insurance as soon as possible, even if the measure is only a beginning. That is because the coalition on which Medicare is based is changing. As time goes by and more scandals leak out, support for the Medicare model will weaken.

The leader of the health establishment forces in the Senate is Russell Long. For the past six months or so his staff has been busily churning up support for a quickie catastrophic health insurance bill to be tacked onto the welfare reform legislation. The welfare legislation, of course, already has passed the House, and Long's tactic is to scrape the business through the Senate where, in the midst of deals over welfare reform, catastrophic health insurance can be passed. Then, in conference with the House, he can appease Mills over minor points and the bill will become law. In effect, a preemptive pro-insurance industry health bill will be passed without serious debate. Long's bill would federalize Medicaid; the catastrophic insurance would begin after $2000 or 60 days in the hospital. It is meant to be appealing since it would not cost the government much or harm the insurance industry's prime health markets.

But even before the legislation was formally introduced, Long was faced with opposition from Mills, who is getting pressure from constituents to liberalize his views on health. If Mills should do well in the New Hampshire primary, he might well swing to the left on health insurance and adopt some version of the Kennedy bill as part of a populist plank. At any rate, he is thought likely to insist that the House have some voice in deciding health insurance, and that means more

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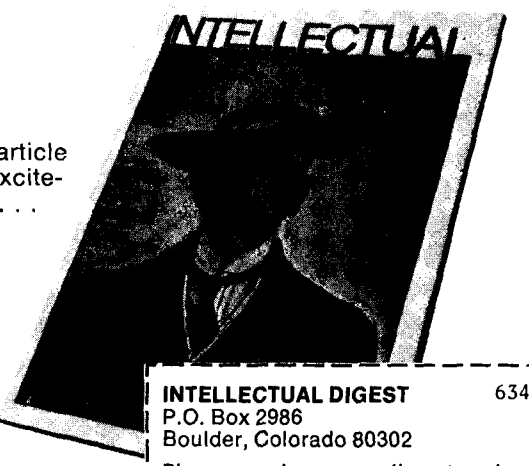

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than slap dash deals in conference. Long may well be able to argue Mills down on these points, but for the time being the chairman of House Ways and Means must be reckoned an adversary.

The Kennedy-union forces must decide how to deal with Long by the time his catastrophic insurance rider comes to the Senate floor. They can move directly to kill it or amend it into some different shape. Whatever the tactics finally developed, the entire Kennedy political thrust is to maneuver for time. As time goes on, more scandals leak out, the health subcommittee develops new issues, and the demands for more basic change grow. In short, Kennedy needs more time to polarize the health issue.

For his part, Nixon probably will do with health as he has done with all major issues potentially damaging to himself, and that is to neutralize it. If pushed on health, he will probably collapse leftward, thereby seeking to deny Kennedy the polarization he needs.

AS AN INDICATION OF HOW TIME works in favor of Kennedy, the House Post Office and Civil Service Subcommittee headed by Congressman Waldie recently uncovered further evidence of the peculiar business methods employed by Blue Cross-Blue Shield. Waldie's committee was investigating the government employees health insurance contract, which represents $800 million in premiums a year and is the single largest hunk of the business done by the Blue Cross-Blue Shield insurance network.

At the hearings Blue Cross-Blue Shield officers explained some of the seemingly unusual charges they make to the government. One of these is an annual one percent charge, totaling $5.1 million in 1971 and called a "public interest charge."

Waldie asked William Ryan, a Blue Shield vice president and spokesman for the Blues at the hearings, "What public services will you render for that money?"

Ryan: A number of things.

Waldie: Is advertising one of them?

Ryan: It could be, as a matter of fact. But I wouldn't care to identify it in that way. Because I don't think it's the intention—it isn't really why we do it. But if you understand the type of public relations work we do, which some people refer to as advertising, it might be in some ways interpreted that way.

Pressing on, Waldie asked, "Will you provide us with a breakdown of the $5 million and what the public services expenditures are that are made."

Joseph Harvey, vice president of the Blue Cross Association, broke in to reply, "Mr. Chairman, may I make a comment at this time? There is perhaps one missing phrase or one missing paragraph here. The public service charge involved in this program, at the end of each contract year, is distributed to the approximately 140 different Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans scattered throughout the country."

Waldie: What do they do?

Harvey: It is distributed to them on a proportionate basis. To them it becomes a part of the plan's capital structure. It is operating capital. Now the point I was going to make is that what Mr. Ryan was referring to as public services might in one plan be entirely different from what a public service would be considered in another plan, and to identify specific expenditures of this public service charge for any given public service, would be a most difficult and onerous task. For example, in Los Angeles, I know that the Blue Cross plan has contributed considerable sums to assisting hospitals in developing better accounting practices.

Waldie: If you don't know how it is spent, how do you know it is needed?

Harvey: Any ongoing corporation, Mr. Waldie, needs operating capital.

Waldie: But that is operating capital. It is not necessarily spent in public services. I don't know why federal employees should be required to contribute to public service endeavors on the part of these groups.

Harvey: May I only say to you, sir, that in the example I gave federal employees will benefit just as much as any employee.

Waldie: In that they will, but there might be other examples in which they will not. That is what we are talking about. Do you know the answer to that?

Harvey: No sir.

Waldie: Can you provide it to the committee?

Harvey: We will, to the best of our ability.

Waldie: I gather you are not certain you can.

Harvey: That's right.

Waldie: So you cannot tell me that the moneys are in fact being spent for public services that are for federal employees, that would benefit federal employees?

Harvey: I'm not sure we can, specifically in detail.

Waldie: In your private contracts, do you have a public service charge or fee, too?

Harvey: Yes sir.

Waldie: That's astounding. I was not aware of that.

Harvey: This is the only source of a corporate financial structure that a non-profit corporation has.

Waldie: You mean it's the only source of profits that a non-profit organization has.

In the ten-year period, 1961–71, Blue Cross-Blue Shield realized $47.3 million alone from this "public service charge" to the federal contract. If one percent charges were figured into the entire Blue Cross-Blue Shield system which each year collects $8 billion in premiums, that would produce profits of $80 million a year.

The Blue Cross-Blue Shield contractors charge the government an administration fee for handling the federal health insurance program. That fee is set at 4.5 percent of costs. This provides a positive incentive to increase costs, thereby producing more income for administration. The contract is designed to increase expense and add inflation.

For the first time members of this subcommittee began to seriously question why it was necessary in the self-insured federal employees program to use Blue Cross-Blue Shield or any other insurance agent. If they should decide to cut out the fiscal agents, it would mark a radical departure, sure to be imitated by other major insurance programs. And it would be a substantial contribution towards bringing about the reforms contemplated in the Kennedy bill. ■

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[Foreign Reports]

Apartheid in the New Africa

"Far from independence moving southwards a new neo-colonial offensive is edging northwards. Apartheid, once traditionally isolationist at the foot of the continent is in an expansionist phase. . . . And this offensive of apartheid is being conducted in perfect concert with the West's own strategy of neo-colonialism in Africa."

Since Ruth First's article was written, the African majority in Zimbabwe has carried out a spirited resistance to the British proposals which would have legitimized white settler rule. *(See "Zimbabwe," page 20)*

UNTIL RECENTLY IT SEEMED that a line could be drawn across the map of Africa. South of it was a solid phalanx of white minority regimes, the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique, the racist government of Ian Smith in Rhodesia and, most important, the industrial heartland of white power, the apartheid state of South Africa. North of the line were the newly independent states of Africa, pledged in the OAU (Organization of African Unity) to defeat the remaining strongholds of colonialism in the unliberated south by a two-fold tactic: (1) the total isolation of the white regimes and (2) all-out support for the freedom fighters attacking the white strongholds from within.

This battle line in Africa is begin-

by Ruth First

Photography by Hugues Vassal

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ning to waver, under pressure from the white power to the south. This year for the first time ever, a black president—the sycophantic Dr. Banda, who rules over neo-colonial Malawi, has been on a state visit to South Africa. The OAU has been divided by the call for "dialogue" with apartheid led by Ivory Coast President Houphouet-Boigny, who has long been the most reliable agent of French capital and French government policy in Africa. More serious are the growing number of trade and business deals and behind-the-scenes consultations between South Africa and African states, first under cover and now becoming increasingly blatant.

Far from independence moving southwards, a new neo-colonial offensive is edging northwards. Apartheid, once traditionally isolationist at the foot of the continent, is in an expansionist phase. South African Prime Minister Vorster's offensive into Africa is part of a long-range strategy to win economic openings for South Africa on that continent, to undermine African unity and defuse opposition to apartheid among the African states and, above all, to cut off support for the liberation struggles at a time of major breakthrough in the Portuguese colonies. And this offensive of apartheid is being conducted in perfect concert with the West's own strategy of neo-colonialism in Africa.

If proof were needed, see the recent British sell-out on Rhodesia and Nixon's Azores deal with Portugal. An eight-year dispute between Britain and her one-time colony of Rhodesia has led to Britain's headlong capitulation to the white minority led by Ian Smith. Even before the deal was done, the United States ended her embargo on the purchase of Rhodesian chrome; then Britain threw overboard her previous commitment to the principle of unimpeded progress towards majority (black) rule. Under the British plan, in a country of 5,000,000 Africans and 250,000 whites it would, the statisticians calculate, be at least 64 years before Africans could *even in theory* reach parity with white voters. (Smith's Rhodesia is modeled on apartheid, and after the Salisbury sell-out Vorster was quick to send telegrams of congratulation to both the Rhodesian and the British governments.) Now not one but two white strongholds in the south bask in the support of Britain and America.

White House policy under Nixon is unequivocally to aid the white minority regimes in southern Africa. Two days before Nixon went to the Azores for talks with President Pompidou of France and Premier Marcello Caetano of Portugal on the state of the dollar, the State Department disclosed terms of the agreement, which is one of the largest economic assistance packages negotiated in many years, in exchange for foreign base rights. Portugal is to get up to $436 million credits in return for the use of air and naval bases in the Azores until 1974. (This exceeds the terms given Spain in 1970 in exchange for military installations.) This is to underpin Caetano's shaky regime drained feeble by three colonial wars in Africa and a vigorous internal opposition; and it is the indication to South Africa that the White House is right behind her new assertive phase in Africa.

Part of the dynamic of this new strategy of South Africa and the West lies in the nature and workings of the apartheid system.

Essentially apartheid is a system of intense colonial-type class exploitation. The difference in South Africa (from other colonies) is that colonizers and colonized are present in the same country. Color—black for the colonized and white for the colonizers—is the differential between the resident army of occupation of the whites and their oppressed subjects. On the one hand South Africa has many of the features of an industrial state. She is in fact—allowing for the distortions imposed by color oppression—the only "developed" country on the continent. She generates within her borders more than 30 percent of the continent's total geographic income. She produces not only 43 percent of the continent's mineral wealth but also twice as much electricity and six times as much steel as the rest of the continent combined. On the other hand, side by side with an expanding—and expansionist—economy in which the small white population plays all the executive, management and skilled roles, and lives at a standard comparable to that of the most industrialized states in the world, South Africa contains the features of a colony. The African "homelands" are stagnant and depressed labor reserves, for the peasantry has been forced on the ruins of its agriculture into successive cycles of migration to the modernized sector of the economy, this compulsion exercised through a system of forced labor unique in the world.

This tightly structured system concentrates all economic power and privilege in the white minority, bourgeoisie and working class alike; at the same time it enables the economy to push black (majority) labor costs to a minimum, and the economy is able to generate spectacular rates of profit and capital accumulation.

This explains the phenomenal rate of growth of the apartheid state in the '60s when the average annual industrial growth between 1960 and 1968 was 11.5 percent, roughly double that of the United States and Europe.

But in its nature apartheid both accelerates rapid growth of capital and, at the same time, by enforcing low black wages, limits domestic consumption. To quote only one statistic, South Africa's blacks, though they constitute 70 percent of the population, receive only 18.8 percent of the nation's cash income. In part it is this that lies behind South Africa's drive outwards: she is in search of new markets in neighboring African states. (Hence the recurrent proposals for a Southern African Common Market, a so-called "sphere of co-prosperity," and the softening up talk of dialogue.)

THE CHEAP LABOR SYSTEM which gives exceedingly high returns on capital has made South Africa (and Rhodesia) magnets for Western capital. By 1969 total foreign investment in South Africa was $7 billion. Britain remains apartheid's major investor and trading partner, but there is growing involvement by the United States, Common Market countries like France and West Germany, and Japan. The growing diversification of capital for apartheid coincides with increasing foreign investors' interest in Angola and Mozambique. But South Africa herself has become an exporter of capital and is now a major foreign investor in the Southern African re-

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gion as a whole—in Rhodesia, South West Africa (Namibia), Lesotho, Swaziland, Botswana, Malawi, Angola and Mozambique. In the case of the vast multi-national corporations with interlocking holdings and directorships that lace the subcontinent from the Cape to the Congo, South African corporations, like the giant mining-finance company headed by South Africa's Harry Oppenheimer, are playing an increasingly central role.

Taking Southern Africa as a whole, several tendencies thus converge. There is an increasing integration, under the pressures of the dominant apartheid economy, among the economies of southern Africa themselves. There is a growing integration among the activities of the gargantuan corporations that straddle the area. Then the *relative* position of the traditional colonial powers in the area, Britain and Portugal, has grown in relation to newcomers like the United States and the Common Market countries, and there now is a significant diversification of international investment in the region. And South Africa, though still in a subordinate position, is playing a growingly assertive role not only economically but also politically. The big Western investors and powers in the region begin to recognize her not merely as a rewarding trading partner or a highly profitable outlet for investment, but also as a strategic force on the continent, exporting her techniques for "stability" to a volatile and only recently decolonized area. What could be better? Apartheid remains uniquely profitable to the West and at the same time asserts itself in Africa to create the kind of political climate in which the economic penetration of Africa could be pursued with ever greater ease.

In a by now notorious interview with *U.S. News and World Report* (November 14, 1966) South Africa's Prime Minister Balthazar J. Vorster observed, "In many ways we have, with respect to much of Africa south of the Sahara, a responsibility . . . which the United States had undertaken on a much larger scale with respect to the under-developed areas of the world as a whole."

And when the Dialogue bid was in full swing, the South African press was quick to record the response of United States government officials who were quoted as saying that they regarded Mr. Vorster's new readiness to discuss apartheid with black Africa as a potentially significant change in South African politics, and that they believed that this new position would fit in with President Nixon's "low-keyed bid to encourage dialogue and contact between the Republic (of South Africa) and the black states *as an alternative to confrontation* (my emphasis)." (*Rand Daily Mail,* Johannesburg, April 2, 1971)

For "an alternative to confrontation" read counter-insurgency against the armed struggle in Southern Africa. Because, the internal pressures in the system aside, the second reason apartheid is moving outwards to Africa is the threat not only to Portuguese colonialism but also to apartheid power, of the guerrilla struggles in Angola and Mozambique, and Portugal's third colony on the west coast of Africa, Guine-Bissau. (Thus in Angola there is now armed action in 10 of the 15 administrative districts; MPLA has increased its zones of overall control in the vast eastern districts of the country; and the armed struggle is now thrusting into the central districts which form the colonial heartlands. In Mozambique FRELIMO last year beat back two successive dry season offensives in the northern provinces and has opened a front in the strategically and economically crucial Tete Province, operating not only on the north but also the south side of the Zambesi river.)

Portugal is without doubt the weakest link in the chain of white minority regimes, and South Africa will shore her up with material and manpower support as needed. The danger to apartheid is, of course, not only the victories in the field of African freedom forces but, even more nightmarish to white supremacists and white capital, the setting up in liberated zones of an administration, services and above all a popular authority to root out colonialism and restructure the society.

In the growth of the "Unholy Alliance" between South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal, a key date seems to have been February 1962, when staff personnel of the Portuguese Second Air Force met their counterparts of the Rhodesian Air Force in Salisbury. Similar meetings with South African defense personnel have been held regularly since then. (The most recent known occasion was in February 1971 when the head of BOSS, the South African internal security service, was himself present to discuss the situation in Tete province where a guerrilla offensive is holding up the construction of the giant Cabora Bassa Dam and white settler projects.) Vorster has denied the existence of any military pact. "No treaties are needed between friends," he said, but the evidence of joint defense and intelligence, and more lately, economic planning in the field is overwhelming. South African para-military forces have been in operation in Rhodesia and Mozambique. South African helicopters regularly patrol southern Angola. Rhodesian personnel have admitted casualties from guerrilla land mines in Mozambique. And most recently, when FRELIMO action cut the road joining Rhodesia with Mozambique, South Africa rushed aircraft loaded with arms to Malawi, her most co-operative client state in the region. Zambia is the forward bridgehead in this battle, and this explains the unremitting attacks on her, ranging from Radio South Africa's warning that she is "out of line" to the recent violation of her borders by a South African force that, by Vorster's own admission, crossed over from the Caprivi strip, the narrow tongue of land jutting out from South West Africa that is the crucial land link between the south and Zambia, and the site of a South African air base.

But South Africa's counter-insurgency goes a good deal further than military build-up and threats. She has embarked on a long-range strategy to lay a base through trade and economic technical assistance for the development of satellite African economies round the dominant South African one, and thus to build a *cordon sanitaire* of client states around her. The policy is calculated to produce a subcontinental economic region with a policy in concert with the policies of the white south and then, through links further north in the continent, to divide the OAU and to undermine those states like Zambia and Tanzania giving aid and facilities to the southern

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liberation struggles. The politics of independence can, after all, generally be relied upon to give way to the economics of dependence, and if they don't do that naturally, there is always room for pressure. South Africa is already imposing restrictions on foreign policies for states that have accepted aid from her. They have to be publicly friendly. They may not vote against her at the United Nations nor may they support the liberation movements.

WHAT ARE THE IMPLICATIONS of South African expansionism for African states? Some of the small states bordering on her have had little room for maneuver because their economies, heritages of British colonialism in the area, have always been hostages of apartheid power. Others like South West Africa (Namibia) were simply annexed without conquest. Malawi under Banda has chosen to move willingly, even enthusiastically, into the South African orbit although the option clearly open to her was to associate with Tanzania and Zambia in breaking (with the help of the Tanzam railway) the old economic and communications ties that bonded them to the white south and, by building outlets to the north, revolutionizing their whole development perspective in central Africa. Malawi is a peculiar case: it is one of the poorest countries in Africa, its economy based on tea and sugar plantations and the export of manpower to the South African gold mines; it is run by British expatriate civil servants who hold disproportionate power: and Banda's dictatorial manipulation of politics seeks to remove any critics who have contested his policies. But after Malawi, the Malagasy Republic (beset likewise with a stagnant economy, galloping population growth and insufficient private investment) has jumped at the chance of South African tourist trade and has instituted a Johannesburg-Tananarive air service, and several business deals and schemes for technical aid.

The Dialogue gambit was initiated by the Malagasy Republic and the Ivory Coast, together with some of the smaller West African states in tow. Ghana and Uganda have toyed with the notion. It is not difficult to find evidence of Houphouet-Boigny's moves being masterminded by the French nor to build the case of that new axis in Africa between France and apartheid, with France as South Africa's largest arms supplier and South Africa shipping her uranium to France for the nuclear *force de frappe*. The African states supporting Dialogue or wavering on the issue are precisely those most clearly connected with imperialism; by contrast those most vehemently opposed are in the vanguard of a struggle to establish their own meaningful independence, and to use the OAU not as a trade union of regimes in power, but as a radicalizing force on the continent.

Pressures from imperialism, and especially from France in her spheres of African influence, account for much African flabbiness on the issue of dealings with apartheid. But another factor is the collusion, whether deliberately conceived or not, between these external imperialist pressures and the vested interests of the elite groups that have come to power in many of these new African states. Joining capitalism too late for seats round the boardroom table, these aspirant bourgeoisies have had to be satisfied with a parasitic role as middlemen for Western business in economies where no ways are being found, or searched for, to generate capital internally as a social base for breaking dependence on Western aid and investment. They continue to depend on the West for capital and manufactured goods. South Africa is well placed to compete; she is also generous with offers of aid and technical assistance.

Would these do any harm? The notion that there is some economic advantage to be gained by poorer African states from relations with South Africa rests on the specious notion that she is offering to share a zone of "co-prosperity." But how can the resulting relationship be anything other than the classic one between industrialized and underdeveloped states, the latter confined to exporting unprocessed raw materials and agricultural crops (like Malawi's recent trade treaties), the colonial relationship once again but this time with a power whose interests are absolutely inimical with those of independent Africa? South Africa is determined not to set up industries in neighboring states which might compete with her own. Her exported private capital has gone into mineral extraction, Zambian copper, Swaziland iron ore, Rhodesian gold and chrome, Angolan diamonds and iron ore, Botswanan copper, nickel and diamonds. South African investment, like British and French, is tied to the use of South African goods and South African technicians. All this will lead to the growth of client states, but clients mortgaged to apartheid, which means the beneficiaries must be the already rich and powerful white minorities and their execrable policies. South Africa has already begun to meddle in the politics of the surrounding countries as in Lesotho and Swaziland, shoring up or restoring unpopular governments in the French style.

Apartheid is modeling itself in Africa on the role the United States plays in Latin America. After all, Vorster uses that very analogy. The growth of satellite economies round the powerful white bloc must mean the emergence, in time, of some sort of tacit alliance between certain African governments and the white rulers of the south. The containment of political change in those African states will be one result. Another will be that the pattern of economic development will be subordinated to South African and Portuguese interests, and to the interests of capital in the region.

If tanks and investment resources were counted, South Africa would seem invincible in Africa. And yet in the very expansion of South Africa's formidable strength, the apartheid system courts fresh sources of conflict. The dispersal of her fighting power in the subcontinent to fight her allies' battles as well as her own could commit her to fighting guerrilla war halfway across Southern and Central Africa. Client states with dependent regimes are dependable allies—until they are challenged by populations disenchanted with the economics of dependence. As for guerrilla fighters, they have proved invincible against even mightier war machines.

Ruth First is a former South African. Her most recent book is Power in Africa *(Pantheon).*

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How to Cheat on Your Income Tax: A Guide

AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT EVERY APRIL 15, America's Annual Fiction Writing Contest is declared closed for another year. Sponsored by the Internal Revenue Service, this mid-April event commands some 20 million entries prepared at the cost of millions by platoons of accountants and lawyers—many of whom offer an entire lifetime to this creative process for the benefit of some behemoth corporation. Little surprise then that, when the judging is done, prominent among the winners will be a couple hundred millionaires and a few thousand corporations—none of whom will pay a penny in taxes.

While it helps to have professional fiction writers prepare your entry in this contest, the rich of course have other advantages over the more plebian entrants, including the but-dimly-understood "accelerated depreciation, investment credits, depletion allowances and carryforward/carrybacks." Such devices in effect constitute an independent set of rules which, when manipulated by the pink and silken hand of the corporate tax accountant, delivers forth untold tax savings. As for the losers (you and I, dear friends), dare we hope for so much as an honorable mention? What can be made of this sow's ear of a tax system?

In Obscurity Lies Security. Though far out-classed by the corporate experts, we little folk too have a few creative opportunities in the annual tax Superbowl. The first step in bending the rules is anticipating the behavior patterns of the referees and judges. Of all the tax returns filed by little folk, only a tiny percentage will ever be scrutinized by human retina, the rest becoming but bits of information on magnetic tape, counted and then filed deep in silos in places like Ogden, Utah and Chamblee, Georgia.

Only 2½ percent of our returns will be audited (although *all* of them will be subjected to electronic audit checks for mathematical accuracy, completeness, and reasonableness): the remaining 97½ percent will attain instant obscurity, never to return above ground unless we should get audited in some future year. This 97½ purity rate was only recently achieved. Until a couple of years ago, the IRS conducted a random sample, arbitrarily picking out every 7th-or-so return, and subjecting it to an auditing procedure. As the workload began to bear down on budget-starved IRS and as computerization went forward, random selection was given up as a stupid and clumsy tool and was replaced by "criteria-selection." Now, instead of just picking out every *n*th return, the computer subjects *every* return to reasonableness tests, comparing *each* return against averages. Those that flunk come bounding out of Ogden, onto the desk of one of IRS's agents.

And how, might you ask, does this change in auditing technique affect me and the way in which I fill out my returns? Mightily, that's how. Previously the proto-tax evader could conjure up the least believable deductions, and his chances of getting audited were simply one in seven—and randomly determined at that. Under those game rules, you took your chances, and left it up to the gods. But now, with these new selection criteria locked into the bowels of the computer, you no longer can fake it. Overshoot the percentage of your income group's allowance for contributions, and out will jump your return. Thus, the trick becomes one of finding out what the IRS thinks is "normal," and then not violating that normality when we prepare our entries in the contest. Indeed, if you are in truth "normal," you probably cannot cheat on your taxes, for there is no room left for you to maneuver—at least when it comes to deductions.

Artful Dodging for the Revolution? Wrong! But don't close your notebooks yet, students, for I came neither to bury Caesar nor to render unto him. There are ways, there are always ways. As every schoolboy knows, no sooner is a new tax law enacted than accountants everywhere set out to tunnel around and wiggle through it. They always succeed, and they always will. But so will you and I—for different reasons. The accountants succeed because they are smarter than the lawmakers: some of the best minds of this nation are harnessed to the chariot of white-collar criminality.

You and I will succeed simply because the government can well afford to let us—and cannot afford to stop us. For while Artful Dodging will net each of us several hundred dollars in saved taxes, the aggregate effect on a few thousand middle class crypto-freaks cheating on their tax returns is nickles and dimes to the government. Any one of a hundred millionaires will quite legally get away with more tax savings this year than all of us mini-Dodgers combined.

by Bob Cratchit

Illustrations by Larry Welz

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A Little More Fraud, my Dear? Back to the IRS's selection criteria: what if you violate the averages, and your return gets audited? Nothing much happens, really. The auditing agent simply fills out this little check-the-boxes form, telling you that you're probably a liar, that until you prove you gave $3000 to your church last year, he has thrown out that deduction, recomputed your taxes, and expects you to pay an additional $800 in taxes, speedy quick. So the form letter comes, and you do nothing, knowing full well that you are just guilty as hell. By and by you send them the $800, leaving you back where you were before you started reading this little article. Nothing lost, nothing gained, nice try.

And what of the fraud? Certainly it is criminal fraud to deliberately attempt to cheat your government out of taxes, to knowingly misrepresent the facts on your return. The IRS has a 14,000 member army of agents poring over returns, holding hearings, and calling cheaters to the bar. But they aren't looking for the likes of you and me, because we know where to hide. Our IRS agent informer assures me that 99 percent (right, 99) of all fraud charges are brought against taxcheaters who try to *conceal income*. Rarely does the IRS lunge for the jugular of the little person who tries to inflate deductions (that's going to be our game, friends, bloating up the deductions). And the reason is simple: it's a whole lot easier for IRS to prove that you got something and lied about it (more income, evidenced by cancelled checks you cashed) than it is to prove that you *didn't* give all that money to the Humane Society. Every Perry Mason level jailhouse lawyer knows that it's hard to prove a negative. So naturally the IRS goes for the income concealment cases—wouldn't you.?

So, at worst, IRS is going to say that they don't believe us, not that they are going to prosecute us. Remember also that tax preparation is an esoteric skill, one that laymen consumers are *not* presumed to know much about. Hence, when we make "mistakes," they are innocent mistakes, and for the IRS to make more of them than that is both a lot of trouble, and usually impossible.

Filling Out the Forms. There are three opportunities for imaginative thinking in personal income tax preparations: income, deductions, and exemptions (dependents). Income shrinkage we have already ruled out as too dangerous. While the real money is in deduction inflation, there are also a couple of possibilities for expanding your dependents' allowances. Each is worth a $675 exemption which at the bottom of the tax scale is worth about $100 in real dollars. Let's pause a moment or two to lay it out.

Exemptions. You can claim an exemption for anyone who:

a) Earned less than $675 last year, *and*
b) Got more than ½ of his support from you, *and*
c) Did not file a joint return with anyone else, *and*
d) Was a U.S. citizen or resident alien, *and*
e) Was related to you *or* lived with you all year (the little tax booklet has a list of permissible family relations that qualify).

Given all these restrictions, it's fairly hard to invent yourself a dependent, and can be dangerous as well. If you should get audited, it might be hard to explain your shadowy uncle or brother-in-law. On the other hand, some people do have perfectly good friends, even grandparents, just lying around unused for tax purposes. Particularly choice is a recently deceased relative that no one else in the family is using as a dependent this year. And lots of people, young and old, are not earning enough money to file tax returns themselves, and yet are not being claimed as anyone's dependent. Those people are wasted, for each is worth $100.

What we need is a clearing house, sort of an employment agency where eligible dependents can sign up and be adopted by a taxpayer, say for a $35 fee to the dependent. Like selling blood. But take care not to sign up unknown derelicts or unreliable folk who can't remember what you teach them. Might be embarrassing in front of the IRS man sometime next year. Further, my intuition warns me that the IRS computer has programmed a check comparing last year's dependents with this year's, and when you show up

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Them That Has, Keep: Taxes

"Anybody has a right to evade taxes if he can get away with it. No citizen has a moral obligation to assist in maintaining the government. If Congress insists on making stupid mistakes and passing foolish tax laws, millionaires should not be condemned if they take advantage of them."

—J. P. MORGAN

A MAN MAKING $6000 a year spends almost all of it on the things he needs to live: food, shelter, clothing. A man making $200,000 a year has a far wider range of choices: two houses, three cars, European and Caribbean vacations, servants, private schools for his children. A fair tax system understands this fact of economic life; that is why a tax on incomes is graduated—it takes not just more, but a higher percentage of a wealthy man's income, because the rich need a much smaller share of their incomes for necessities. A progressive tax is also a kind of balance. You have your wealth, such a system says to the rich, but you will help pay for the schools that will give the children of the un-rich a chance to compete with your children; you will help finance the hospitals to care for the men and women injured in your plants and by your products; you will help pay for the costs of pollution and disease.

That is what is supposed to happen. It does not. The American tax system is a fraud. It has been so manipulated by the legal and political hired guns of the rich that it *reinforces*, rather than equalizes, the power of wealth in America.

Legalized tax evasion has been written into the legislation, regulation, and court opinions of our tax structure. In April 1971 two Census Department officials revealed that the *real* tax rate of $50,000-a-year families was the same as for $5000-a-year families—because the affluent family had so many opportunities to deduct, exempt, and shelter its actual wealth. In 1968 Treasury Undersecretary Joseph Barr told the Congress that middle income Americans—those making between $7000 and $20,000 a year—paid a higher percentage of their incomes to the federal government than the richest one percent of Americans. In fact, he revealed in 1967, 155 taxpayers who earned $200,000 or more—including 21 millionaires—paid *no tax* at *all*. (By 1970 there were 301 tax-dodgers in the $20,000-plus bracket.) And those millionaires who did pay taxes paid an effective rate of 25 percent—the rate that is supposed to hit those with one-fiftieth of a millionaire's income.

This legal larceny flows from the special privileges granted to corporate America and its beneficiaries. In a hundred different ways, the tax law says: "All Americans are equal; but the rich are more equal than others." Even the cost of criminal behavior can be deducted from a tax bill—if the criminal is a corporation instead of a street thief. In the early 1960s, 29 of America's biggest electrical companies were convicted of massive price-fixing and forced to pay treble damages to the customers they had bilked. Thanks to the influence of high-priced, well-connected Washington lawyers, the Internal Revenue Service permitted the companies to deduct the cost of the fines —as an *ordinary and necessary business expense!* (The 1969 Tax Reform Act limited these deductions substantially by permitting companies to deduct only the one-third of the fines that represented actual reimbursement to the cheated parties.)

The impact of our rich man's tax system can be seen by looking at the most favored of American industries, the oil industry. Despite the 1969 law trimming the oil depletion allowance to 22 percent from 27½ per cent, (a cut that made a *real* difference of only 1 percent according to Senator Fred Harris), the oil industry continues to rack up enormous profits while paying a smaller share of taxes than a badly paid worker. In 1970, the big oil companies earned profits of $8.8 billion—a 10 percent jump from 1969—and paid an average tax rate of 8.7 percent. By contrast, a $6000-a-year worker—earning barely half of what a family needs for a moderate standard of living—paid a federal tax rate of 16 percent. What this means, in brief, is that one of the most important perceived grievances of working-class Americans—that the "big boys get away with murder"—is absolutely true.

Some of the big companies pay next to nothing—or less than nothing. In 1970 Texaco, with an income of $1.1 billion, paid 6.4 percent in taxes; Standard Oil of California paid 5 percent; Gulf paid 1.2 percent. Standard Oil of Ohio not only paid *nothing* on an income of $66 million, but got a 10.4 percent *tax credit*, to charge off against any future taxes it might have to pay.

The tax laws also shelter other concentrations of wealth. Mutual savings banks in 1967 paid an effective tax rate of 5 to 6 percent; savings and loan associations coughed up 15 percent; and commercial banks paid about half of what the average industry rate is. These bank privileges alone cost more than a billion dollars a year—twice the cost of the appropriation for education vetoed by President Nixon in 1969 as "inflationary." And the tax rate of private utility companies dropped from 14.7 percent of revenues in 1955 to 11.6 percent in 1967. What these companies do not pay in taxes goes to stockholders in the form of excess profits—and stockholders are overwhelmingly the richest of Americans.

TAX FAVORITISM IS NOT confined to rich institutions; it extends as well to rich individuals. Right-wing polemicists make much of of the high rates of taxation at the federal

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level—theoretically, those with incomes in the top bracket once paid 91 percent in taxes, and now pay 65 percent (in 1973, the top rate will drop to 50 percent). But the truth is that *almost nobody pays these rates because money earned by the wealthy is taxed less severely than money earned by the average American.*

When a taxpayer buys stock and sells it at a profit (a transaction not a normal part of an $8000-a-year life style) that profit is *not* taxed at "ordinary income" rates, but at a "capital gains" rate—a tax that exempts half of the profit from taxation and that costs the Treasury $20 billion a year. No such special privilege is given to a worker who earns extra money through overtime, or to a family in which both husband and wife work. That kind of earnings is "ordinary income."

When a rich man dies and leaves his stock to his heirs, there is no tax whatever as long as the stock is not sold. All of the enormous economic advantages of stock ownership—power to influence corporate decisions, collateral for borrowing funds for new ventures, and the like—accrue to the sons and daughters of the rich without any cost; it's a kind of economic representation without taxation. There is no such escape for the wage-earner; every dollar he makes is subject to withholding at the federal and state level.

An individual or financial institution with capital can completely escape the force of the tax law by investing money in state and local bonds, which are tax-free, risk-free, and which—despite the low rate of interest—actually are more profitable than high-interest investments. (To a taxpayer in the 50 percent bracket, a 5 percent tax-free municipal is the equal of a 10.5 percent taxable investment.)

"Charity" is another loophole by which the rich dodge taxation. A corporation or family trust can create a foundation, and can channel the largely tax-free proceeds of this institution into whatever fields it chooses. (In 1969, a 4 percent tax on the income from foundation investments was established, and some controls on the unsupervised abuses of foundations were established for the first time; before 1969, all income from foundations was completely tax-exempt.) If a millionaire decides that his foundation will support psychic research, or the private school of which he is an alumnus, he can do so and reap the tax benefits. And whether he decides to underwrite medical research, or community-action groups, it is *his* money and *his* choices—all beyond public influence. The wage-earner has no choice. His income taxes go directly to Washington and the state. He has no way to disapprove the spending of his money on projects with which he disagrees. And thus the tax law further enhances the power of the wealthy: the monies of the rich make public policy every day; between elections, the rest of us just send the tax payments to the decision-makers.

The enormous injustices written into the federal tax code were underscored by Stanley Surrey, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in a 1971 paper for the Council on Policy Evaluation. These exemptions from the tax code Surrey said, are really "tax expenditures"—subsidies to the wealthy, which in 1970 totaled $50 billion. Although these exemptions are offered under the guise of aiding social goals, the real consequence is, as Surrey puts it, that "we achieve our social goals by increasing the number of tax millionaires."

These hidden "tax expenditures" mean, for example, that a $200,000-a-year family "gets" a $70 subsidy for every $100 of mortgage payments it makes; while a $10,000-a-year couple gets only $19. The incentives for housing rehabilitation mean, in effect, that the richest of taxpayers gets a 19 percent investment credit, while an average-bracket payer gets only a 5 percent break. The measure of the outrages legislated into our tax code is that if these kinds of "expenditures" were voted on as subsidies, not a senator or congressman would have the chutzpah to vote for them. But they are just as real as welfare checks for millionaires even though they are buried under mountains of technicalities.

The inequity of taxation at the federal level is, if anything, worse at the state and local levels. Most communities finance their schools from the local property taxes: an inherently unfair method that enables wealthy communities, sealed off from their less affluent neighbors by zoning and construction restriction, to raise funds for their own children and leave the wage-earner and the poor to fight over the remaining scarce resources. States base much of their revenue-raising on the sales tax: a regressive tax, since it makes no distinctions based on ability to pay. (Two concepts many people fail to grasp are (1) an income tax at the state level may be far more desirable for the average wage-earner than a sales or property tax increase, and (2) a 6 percent sales tax is *regressive, not equal,* since it makes no distinction on ability to pay; the millionaire and the waitress pay the same tax on food, clothing, and recreation.)

The inequity of the property tax is compounded by the free ride given to giant "public" or "charitable" institutions in the form of exemptions from the property tax. Nearly *one-third* of the $850 billion of real estate in America is tax-exempt; leaving the homeowner and the marginal shopkeeper, as well as the big real estate and financial interests, to pick up the slack. Some of these exemptions are legitimate: hospitals, purely religious or charitable institutions, and the like. But billions of dollars worth of property that is exempt actually enriches the wealthy: private clubs, for example, in the big city, or foundation offices that would normally be assessed at several million dollars. In some cases, the financial return to the elite is direct, and directly at the expense of the nonwealthy.

Say, for example, a bank, financial institution, or millionaire purchases the bonds of the Port Authority of New York—an interstate compact with the responsibility for running both the bridges and tunnels between New York and New Jersey and the three metropolitan airports. The Port Authority can decide—as it has—to enrich itself by going into the real estate business and building two 110-story kleenex boxes called the World Trade Center. Because it is a "public" institution, no public authority can stop the Port Authority—not the mayor, not the governors of New York and New Jersey, not the city council or state legislature or Congress; not even a public referendum. The Port Authority has total power to condemn the property,

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suddenly with a couple of extra dependents, their ages better be between zero and one. But that is only intuition—because the IRS is very secretive about its computer program.

Occupation. You may want to have been employed in "outdoor sales" or in "business" last year, because each occupation gets a few tax breaks. Also, and again it's no more than intuition, the computer's average deductions

allowed to such occupations may be a bit more generous. People in outdoor sales are permitted to throw more of their deductible expenses into the "adjustments to income" sector, which is advantageous to the taxpayer (So what if your mother didn't raise her child to be a salesperson. She didn't raise you to be poor either). Or you may have larger ambitions, and decide to be a businessman (woman), but you can't be both. An outside salesman is an employee, hence you would have a *salary*. A businessman is an owner, but could also have a salary, with his business being a part-time activity. Salesmen fill out Form 2106, businessmen complete Schedule C (part of 1040). (We will now separate into workshops, all you salespeople over in that corner, businessfolk over here.)

Form 2106 Employee Business Expenses (for salesmen and other non-entrepreneurs) invites you to deduct business expenses that you as an employee incurred, but which were *not* reimbursed to you by your boss. While the form provides blanks for travel expenses only, you can claim *any* expense that your boss would be eligible to deduct as business expense (and that of course includes damned near everything imaginable). Particularly innocuous are deductions for a portion of your apartment or house, which you use as an office, but for which your boss does not pay you. Most everyone can get away with this one, and it's easy to figure out.

Look around your home and anoint one of the rooms as your office. Figure out a rough estimate of the percentage of your home's total square footage represented by this room, and apply that percentage to the following living costs: rent and utilities, casualty insurance, repairs, depreciation (on house, not land value). This *pro rata* share can be deducted from your income taxes as unreimbursed business expenses. It gets reported under part 2, Form 2106, *if* you itemize your deductions; otherwise, it gets reported under part 1, at item 4.

Travel, paid by you and unreimbursed by your employer, is also quite common and you should not be bashful about deducting it. Under item 1, you are allowed the full cost of overnight trips, and can use $32 as a permissible *per diem* covering expenses under 1b, 1c, and 1d. Airline tickets are separate, they get reported in 1a. Item 2 is for short trips and errands, not overnighters, and you can use 15¢ per mile for auto expenses, plus tolls, parking and gasoline taxes, which are extras, outside of the 15¢ rate. If you are an outdoor salesman, under item 3 you will want to consider gifts to clients and prospective clients, postage, office expenses, and a lot of *et ceteras.*

The bottom of the form, part 3, is for the truly audacious taxpayer who claims deductions for the cost of education. Education expenses are a little tricky, in that they are only deductible if:

(a) you already had a job before you started school;
(b) that job required you to improve your skills to keep it; and
(c) your education *directly* helped you to keep the job or payrate.

Note however, that here, as is generally true wherever you find a bunch of qualifications and rules, two observations seem warranted: first, if the IRS has erected such fences around a deduction, it's a goldmine and therefore deserves your attention; and second, the IRS probably has locked some limits into the computer, so if you claim education expenses that are not legitimate, or if for other reasons you want to avoid an audit, better go easy in this category, maybe throwing in books and a few fees and transportation to and from class. Note that you should fill in part 3 on form 2106 if you claim educational expenses, and put the

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total claimed deduction in item 4 under part 1, without showing the details that make up the total. That's it for you employees, take a five minute break now, and then we'll meet back together with the business caucus.

Profit or (dig it) Loss from Business or Profession, Schedule C. In order to have business income and expense, we must have a business, more exactly, we must *have had* a business last year. That is a lot easier than it sounds. Just as thousands of the rich have hobby farms, Bermuda properties and other tax deductible bogus businesses whereat they vacation and entertain, so can we have modest cottage industries to shield from taxes our modest incomes: pottery, weaving, consulting, writing, contract research—dream up your own. It is not necessary that you actually make any money at your chosen business; indeed it isn't even required that you actually succeed in selling anything—only that you tried (you did *try*, didn't you?) and that the deductions you are claiming were "incurred to generate income." No, you do not have to incorporate, or have partners, or have an office or a business address—none of that camouflage is necessary. Build your business around your interests, so that you can travel tax deductibly when you are really vacationing. For instance, school teachers can write off their trips by "studying architecture" and such. Now that you have discovered your business, let's see how much money it lost you last year. All references are for Schedule C of Form 1040. For "C," fill in "None," for "E" check "Cash." "F" is "No," and so is "G." Now for the line count.

Line 1. Gross Receipts. I recommend that you plug something in here representing *cash* sales. This provides the appearance of a going business. But how can you prove any number you put here? You can't and, if you get audited, you admit that it was just an estimate, and that you did not keep any books or records. For a totally fictitious business, say a potter, weaver or jewelrymaker, plop in about a hundred dollars.

Line 2, 3: Category zero, unless you have decided to be a retailer, in which case go out and find yourself an accountant to help you with your taxes.

Line 4. Cost of Labor. This is money you paid to others for helping you. It is *not* money *you* earned. Here again, since you kept no records, and since it was only occasional part-time help, you are not required to take out social security and all that nonsense. For the phantom business, say an artisan operation, you should throw in a few hundred dollars here. I found that $400 worked nicely in my example, but season to your own taste.

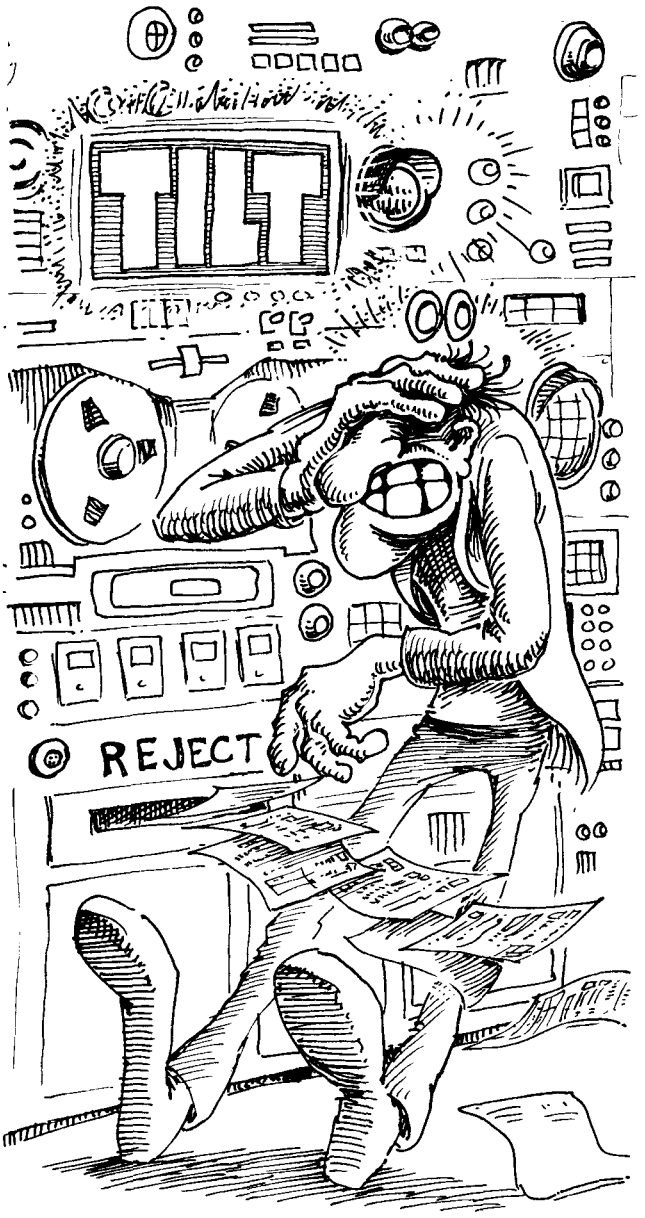
Line 5. Materials and Supplies. Every artisan has some of these, and the total should be less than your gross receipts in Line 1 above—say $80 or so. Of course, you don't have receipts; after all you aren't an accountant.

Lines 6-23. Skip all this junk.

Line 24. Other Business Expenses. Here is the soft underbelly of the tax system, for into this category can go your mini-equivalents of all those outrageous deductions that real businesspeople get away with. Like entertainment of potential clients/customers, like gifts to your employees, like "recreation" for your employees, and travel by you while "tending" to business, and automobile expenses and . . .

But, you must not scale your expenses too far above the "reasonable" standards prescribed by the size and nature of your business. This means that a free-lance janitor can't deduct a European trip—but a free-lance "travel consultant" might. So be guided by good sense.

Travel is always a good deduction to take. The IRS expects it and has even set up some guidelines for us to follow. Guidelines we like, of course, for they give us hints about the tolerances built into the system—sort of a floor-



plan of the bank. In order to deduct a trip, it must be an overnighter, and if less than a week long, it can be a mixed vacation/business trip for which you are not required to differentiate between the costs of the two for tax purposes. For *per diem,* in addition to the cost of airline tickets, etc., you can lay on the $32 per day.

But don't abuse this travel opportunity if yours is a phantom business. A two-day trip worth $100 should be safe. Of course your auto expenses are deductible—at least the

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part of them that were business related. But if your claim is totally phony, and you have been taking my suggestions so far, then play it safe here too: keep the business percentage below 50 percent, and the business mileage beneath 4000 miles (which at 15¢ per mile is worth $600 expense). And that's it, an instant business which lost, by my figures, around $900 last year. Now back to the plenary session, and Form 1040.

Itemizing Deductions. Beginning at line 18 on Form 1040, bouncing from there to line 46, thence to Schedule A, we arrive at our itemized deductions (. . . where the goodtimes roll, all night long . . .). It is here that we are to hew to the IRS line, striving to achieve normality, packing in there tight with the herd. Here are the averages for 1968 modestly adjusted upward by 10 percent to allow for inflation and for a margin by which the IRS probably permits you to exceed the average before they pull you in.

Your Income From Line 18, Form 1040	Amounts You Can Deduct, on Schedule A, for Contributions	Medical & Dental	Interest	Taxes
$ 5000-$ 6000	$250	$380	$400	$400
6000- 7000	250	360	480	480
7000- 8000	270	360	550	550
8000- 9000	285	340	610	610
9000- 10,000	310	350	680	675
10,000- 15,000	350	325	810	880
over 15,000	Get yourself a tax accountant			

Contributions. Following our strategy of staying within the fences, it is better to nickel-and-dime cheat on each item than it is to try to pad up large on one item, such as contributions. However, if you are up to it, you might try to score big under contributions by becoming a Mormon or a Seventh Day Adventist. They tithe regularly. For you of little religious training, tithing is giving a fixed percentage, usually 10 percent of your income to the church. So if you feel the calling, put a simple "L.D.S." (Latter Day Saints) or "7DA" to the left of your 10 percent figure under contributions, and when the agent writes you about proving to him your piety, tell him you paid it all in cash, and hence have no receipts. Note this, however; the Mormons do not pass the plate, and the IRS knows this. Short of going for this big score, you can still take your allowed average from our little table above, and by way of explanation list church, Boy Scouts, Goodwill, etc., being always careful not to put too much under that suspicious category, *et cetera.*

Taxes. Note that the table allows you a total of $400-$880 in tax deductions, but also note that Schedule A requires you to itemize just where you paid all those taxes and further delineates the amount allowed you for gas taxes and sales taxes. By all means abide by the formulas they provide for these latter two taxes, for surely the computer is wired to verify them; then dump what is left over into the "real estate" tax line. So you don't own a house, shrug your shoulders and say "I thought my rent included property taxes. Doesn't it really?"

Interest. Here again, the table allows you $400-$810, and the form makes you itemize. If you don't own a house, leave "home mortgage" blank and dump all of your interest into "installment purchases." At 18 percent interest on such purchases, your $400 deduction represents an outstanding debt of about $2000 throughout the year, which is not unbelievable, considering everyone who is average is buying a Camaro on time payments.

Medical and Dental. In order to get your $325 to $380 allowance, you have to work backwards, up the Schedule A Form, first putting in the answer at line nine and then, in this order, filling in the remaining blanks: 18, 7, 1, 8, 6, 3, 2, 4, 5. Under 5, list some figures for "doctor and dentist, eyeglasses," whatever your affliction may be.

Miscellaneous Deductions. Here we must be cautious, for we know not what is allowed or average. Note however, you employees and salespeople, that your Form 2106 total for Part 2 gets carried in here. You may also drop in here the costs of uniforms, union dues, tools and of course the cost of this RAMPARTS and any other "tax guides" you use to prepare your return. Also, you could lose your bicycle to a thief last year and earn yourself a "casualty loss." The first $100 doesn't count, but lots of 10-speeds run $150-$200 these days, which nets you a $50-$100 deduction. Finally, bad debts are deductible. Your friend split with your $50 last year, haven't seen him since, don't know where to find him.

THAT'S ABOUT IT FOLKS. It wasn't much of a bounty, I know; but, as I said earlier, we are doomed to play with a stacked deck. Let's see how we did, comparing the taxes paid by a taxpayer using the standard 10 percent deduction, versus a hypothetical tax cheat using the advice above. Example: Income $5000, 4 dependents, a small artisan in his spare time who last year lost $700 on his business. Had he simply taken the standard deduction, his taxes would have been $176. "Our way" his tax is $20.

Example: Income $8000, 2 dependents, an outside salesperson who spent $400 on expenses not reimbursed by an employer. Taking the standard 10 percent deduction, his tax is $918, our way it is $700.

Depending on your level of audacity and your threshold of paranoia about the IRS, it seems that you can save a couple of hundred tax dollars. While I am convinced that my IRS agent informer is right, that criminal fraud charges are just never brought against petty tax chiselers, I am even more sure that, even if the feds do come after you, they cannot prove a thing. For they must depend on your own testimony, as there is no other information to show what you did *not* do last year. And then there is the Fifth Amendment. If you use the tips here offered, please do so in the spirit in which they are intended—it is a penny ante strategy played along the edges of a much larger game, where the big boys have the good seats and all of the chips.

Bob Cratchit is the pseudonym of an accountant now serving 2–10 at Soledad for, we hasten to add, embezzlement, not tax evasion. His Buy Now; Pay Never: A Bankrupt's Handbook, *is to be published this summer.*

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Big Sky: Chet Huntley's New Home on the Range

"The open lands are a vital resource to this country, and we're against giving away any public lands at all. If they were moving a whole community of people out of some Eastern ghetto . . . really re-distributing the population, then it would be different, but these are going to be second homes for the wealthy. Instead of opening up the land, it's going to mean that more land will be cut off from the people."

WHEN I LEFT BOZEMAN, MONTANA, it was just two weeks before Christmas Eve. Waiting for the train out—which had been stalled by a blizzard and 100-mile-per-hour winds just up the track—I found myself filled with a melancholy anger. Five days I'd spent in this town of 18,000, nestled in the Gallatin River Valley of Southwestern Montana, and it had been warm and friendly, with invitations to home-cooked dinners almost every night. Yet running beneath that sense of *bonhommie,* I had a gnawing apprehension that for the people of Bozeman this would be the last year they would share an ordinary, small-town Christmas, the sort of thing where even the National Forest Service could welcome tree-hunters on public land without fear of abuse. By next Christmas Bozeman will have ceased to be the remote mountain spot of its last hundred years, for then it will have on its periphery one of the largest, poshest, most highly advertised resort "retreats" in the nation. Big Sky of Montana, Inc.: Chairman of the Board, Chet Huntley; principal owner, The Chrysler Corporation of Detroit, Michigan.

Why Bozeman? There are several answers, all of them shrouded in the dynamics of one of the largest land grabs of American history. The "recreational complex" at Big Sky is but one of a score of industrial real estate investments pocking the Rocky Mountains whereby giant national and international corporations are hoping to clean up on the annual escape of urban Americans to the rural wilderness.

Named after the term first coined by novelist A. B. Guthrie, Big Sky has been Chet Huntley's pet project since well before he left the television news business. Like the cultural revolutionaries who have moved to the countryside in recent years, Chet Huntley tells everyone he came back to his mountain roots because of the crime, the congestion, and the vicious pace (including nightly deadlines) of urban living. Musing scholarly, he wonders aloud if maybe "rural America" might not provide the only salvation to the deathly lifestyle that has overtaken nearly all our cities. He implies as much in his recent early memoirs, *The Generous Years: Remembrances of a Frontier Boyhood.* A paean to the rugged values of rural living, he opens the book on his first memory of Montana: "The iron tires of the spring wagon rolled silently along the twin wheel tracks worn into the

by Frank Browning

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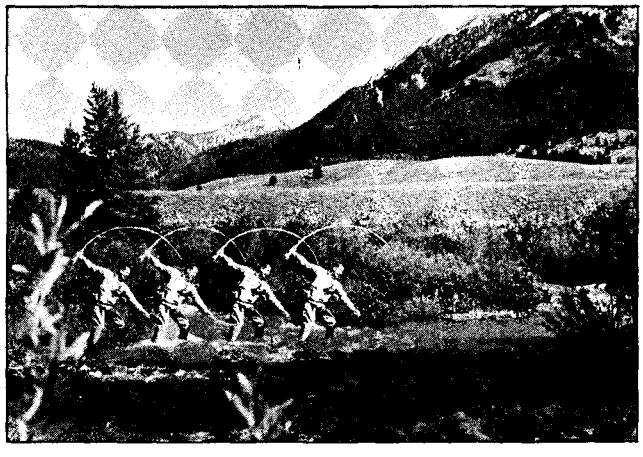
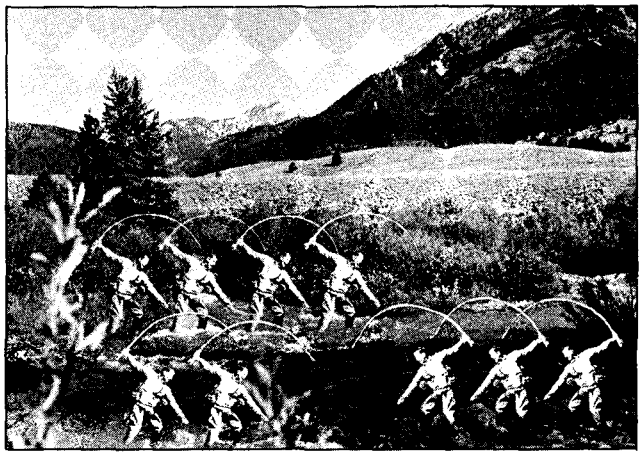
"Two decades ago 60 families owned ranches in Ennis Valley; today 80 percent [are] held by a half dozen outside owners."





grass: parallel trails wandering northward and away to their vanishing point on the treeless folds of the benchland. . . ." From that beginning, the book rolls on like the swaying buffalo grass, an account of a free and open childhood that would make any New Jerseyite's mouth water.

Big Sky, however, is no Total Loss Farm. Nor is it likely that Mr. Thoreau will call while Chet's off clinking Old Fashioneds with old colleagues in New York. For in just five years the Montana wilderness will have been metamorphosed into a city of some 100,000 people complete with smart shops, restaurants, ski and camping outfitters, a convention center, a host of service industries to maintain the "recreational park," overnight hotel accommodations for 1000, 50 condominiums, over 200 private home lots, a sprawling trailer court, an 18-hole championship golf course designed with the help of Arnold Palmer Associates, three alpine ski runs, plus tennis, swimming, snowmobiling, canoing, archery, fishing, skeet shooting, or horseback riding, "all just moments away." Touted as a place where you can "live the good life all year around," one brochure proclaims, "a Big Sky mountain home is in partnership with nature and the leisurely pace of western living affords the perfect retreat from the pressures of business and position." Boasts Huntley, "Big Sky will be bigger and better than Vail, Aspen, Sun Valley, or Snowmass."

If this is a partnership with nature, then the remaining herds of deer and elk must feel like very junior members. Just as junior are the folks who happen to live up the road at Bozeman and who have stood by stoically as the Big Sky Master Plan has quietly been reconstructing their town in its image.

CHET HUNTLEY ANNOUNCED THE BIRTH of Big Sky in January 1970, two years after publication of his book, and—he says—about four years after he first began discussing the project. Struck by the fondness the TV hero seemed to feel for his first home and led by the Chamber of Commerce, Montanans at first welcomed Huntley and the new jobs he promised to bring with him. Since resistance to speculative intruders has always been strong there, even Huntley concedes Big Sky probably could have never made it through the door without his name at the top. Now, when it seems almost too late, a growing number of Gallatin County people would be just as happy if he and his generous plans had stayed in New York—or at least away from Bozeman, Montana.

Though not successful in blocking Big Sky, they have been effective in raising several core issues surrounding the acquisition of public lands by absentee corporations and the environmental impact of turning the Rocky Mountain wilderness into a playground for the wealthy. They have also stung Chet Huntley to the quick, causing him to drop his well-modulated demeanor and shoot from the hip at his opponents. Just a "band of extremists," "30-day ecologists," he calls them, mimicking the Agnew-style epithets he has previously deplored. Yet in two years of fighting, over 1000 local citizens have signed petitions, and the band of "extremists" leading the attack include nationally prominent members of the Forest Service and State Department of Fish and Game, engineers and geologists who work at Mon-

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tana State University, and a major environmental research and consulting firm in Denver.

Working together as the National Forest Preservation Group (NFPG), they have concentrated their opposition not against Big Sky *per se,* but rather against policies of the National Forest Service which have tended to release public lands for private development. As always when land is the issue in the West, the great railroad trunk lines are intimately involved. Only a hundred years ago all the lands in southern Montana were Indian territory, most presumably guaranteed to the Sioux, Cheyenne, Shoshoni and Arapaho by treaty. The Northern Pacific Railroad, along with several legions of U.S. Cavalry and some mining prospectors, had something else in mind. The Northern Pacific, determined to blow open a gateway to the Pacific Northwest, and hence to commerce with the Orient, elected to build a railroad through Montana, along the Bozeman Trail that had been so valiantly defended by the Sioux and Cheyenne.

Despite 20 years of struggle, time and technology yielded success to the white man, and the U.S. Government made good on its grant of 33 million acres to the Northern Pacific. Standard practice was to offer the railroads 100 miles on either side of their track in a checkerboard pattern alternating private sections (a section equals one square mile) with public land still held by the government. Sometimes, previous settlers' claims alongside the tracks forced the government to offer lands farther than 100 miles from the tracks, as was the case with some of the railroad lands now adjacent to Big Sky. The checkerboard ownership pattern, reasoned the government, would enhance the value of the publicly held land as private owners initiated urban and agricultural development.

Sometimes the scheme worked, sometimes not. But by the 1920s, the government forest managers decided it would make more sense to consolidate public holdings and rationalize land management policies, and the Forest Service was empowered to exchange its lands with private holders. Until the 1950s, not much happened. Since then, however, the large landholders have themselves begun to realize the potential of the vast tracts of wilderness and first quality timber that could be theirs for a little simple trading. The Northern Pacific (now the Burlington Northern) consummated its first exchange several years ago for the stated purpose of developing well-managed tree farms. As NFPG Coordinator Russel Berg explains, there was little opposition to that exchange since the use patterns and environmental dimension of the affected lands would not be changed. Now the Burlington wants to effect two more exchanges, but the object is somewhat different.

Throughout 1971 Berg's group appealed to the Forest Service hierarchy for a reversal of a local decision approving the railroad's Exchanges 2 and 3, until eventually the decision lay with the new Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz. NPFG's two principal objections were that the appraisal and valuation of lands involved in the exchanges favor the Burlington Northern and that the potential recreational uses of the traded lands violate laws governing disposition of public lands. When they were appraised in 1968, the public lands in Exchange 2 were assessed at $8.02 per acre and the private lands at $12.48. By 1970 a reappraisal

"The *Great Falls Tribune* stated the situation succinctly: 'Montana is for sale in the classified sections of national magazines.'"

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had set them at $25 and $51 respectively, a three-fold increase of the selected public lands and a four-fold increase in the offered private lands.

An exploration of such evidence might seem to be a needless exercise in isolated detail especially since the acreage prices remain low. The catch is that laws governing land exchanges require rough equity in value between lands exchanged and lands received. Burlington Northern has made much of the fact that if the exchanges go through the public will receive almost twice as much land as it's giving. Nice deal? "Well, it might seem like it," Frank Culver, a geology grad student and NFPG member, explained. "But you have to understand what kind of land we, the public, are getting." He pointed off to a range of snowcapped peaks called the Hialite Range. "A lot of what we're getting are the tops of those mountains which are so steep you couldn't do anything with them anyway, and most of the rest is within Yellowstone Park about 80 miles away." By Forest Service estimation, 62 percent of the lands going to the public are described as rough and steep, while none of the public lands to be taken by the railroad are so described.

Berg and Culver also question the revised appraisals themselves. They argue that the private lands are without any potential for development to justify the increased valuation. Conversely the $51 per acre assigned the public lands (some 1920 acres of which the railroad will immediately sell to Big Sky) is vastly underrated—based as it was on the price Big Sky paid for its land *before* the development was announced. Land prices throughout the county have since shot up, and since Big Sky was the first purchaser with recreational intent, their price in fact came at a bargain—well below what newcomers can expect once the resort is open. The logic is not completely lost on the Forest Service. Checking out ski developments in Colorado, they came up with acreage prices running from just over $150 to near $1000. However, they restricted the comparability of those prices to areas immediately adjacent to the Big Sky Mountain village, ignoring the fact that all the lands going to the railroad are close to Big Sky and have topography suitable for development.

These appeals and arguments are not new. But aside from minor concessions the Forest Service response has been in effect: "You're entitled to your opinions, but this is what we're going to do." Candidly, regional foresters in Bozeman admit that the laws, regulations, and policies of the Forest Service are designed to encourage productive agricultural and recreational development—as the Walt Disney flack over Mineral King in California demonstrated. [RAMPARTS, November 1971]. Montanans like Frank Culver and Russel Berg agree that the roots of their fight embody fundamental issues of social and economic policy. How and for whom will the few remaining, unblemished lands in America exist?

"WE'RE NOT AGAINST PUTTING UP a ski run up there, and maybe even something like Big Sky would be a good thing. But the open lands are a vital resource to this country, and we're against giving away any public lands at all. If they were moving a whole community of people out of some Eastern ghetto, giving them new homes and really redistributing the population, then it would be different, but these are going to be second homes for the wealthy. Instead of opening up the land, it's going to mean that more land will be cut off from the people."

No outside "preservationist," Culver is a tall, lean Montanan with just a fleck of mountain brogue in his voice. At 30, he's already picked up two degrees in business administration. Four years ago he started noticing what was starting to happen to the great open expanses of Rocky Mountain landscape where he'd hunted and hiked as a boy, and he figured he couldn't just sit around while it was all laid waste. So he went back to school at Montana State, where he has a graduate fellowship in the Earth Sciences Department, and later became secretary of the NFPG.

Since Frank Culver began to watch the changing landscape more carefully, he has seen the land crunch grow tighter and tighter. From Glacier Park near the Canadian border to Mexico the cash registers in real estate offices are clattering like slot machines. Montana's *Great Falls Tribune* stated the situation succinctly: "Montana is for sale in the classified sections of national magazines." In Madison County, where most of Big Sky's holdings are located, family holdings have been turned inside out. Two decades ago some 60 families owned ranches in the county's Ennis Valley; today 80 percent of the valley is held by a half dozen owners from Illinois, Indiana, California, New York, and Wisconsin. At Virginia City, the county seat, a company quaintly identified as Montana's Treasured Land Corporation bought 1281 lots at $15 each; about 100 have been sold for $350 each, *sans* waterlines and sewers. Western Montana seems to be carrying the brunt of the new developments. Patterned on developments in neighboring Colorado and New Mexico, the model is to buy a few thousand acres, occasionally including inaccessible rock land, and then resell them in 10-acre lots as summertime vacation sites. This invidious practice has reached such proportions that former New Mexico Governor Jack Campbell, who now heads the Federation of Rocky Mountain States, an organization that keeps track of land usage patterns in the West, told the *N.Y. Times* last year, "It is clear to me that unless something is done and done quickly, the Eastern Slope (of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado) is going to become just another Southern California."

But Colorado is not the only endangered state. More sparsely populated than its Rocky Mountain neighbors, Montana may become an even juicier target. Big Sky, for example, is just one of four major corporations which have nearly surrounded the mostly public Spanish Peaks Primitive Area. The other three are: The King Ranch of Texas, Fred Combs' Diamond J Ranch, and the Irvine Company's Flying D Ranch. Irvine, the largest land owner in California's Orange County, deserves special attention. Six years ago Bill Fairhurst, an active sportsman and subsequent mayor of Three Forks, Montana, was driving along the Madison River on Bear Trap Road as he had done for some 20 years whenever he went hunting for deer and elk. He came up to a gate as usual (for this was a "prescriptive-right" road, a road on private land which, because it had been used by the public for over seven years, was classified

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as publicly accessible). But this time, as he wrote in a recent account, something was different. "There was a 'no trespass' sign nailed to a post, and the gate was padlocked. Just beyond it a small tent was pitched, and what came next was a real surprise;

"A man carrying a 30/30 stepped out of a tent and walked toward me with the gun pointed at my belly.

"'I want to go through,' I told him, nodding toward the gate. 'Will you unlock it, please?'

" 'You're not going through,' was the surly reply. 'I'm working for Flying D, and I'm here to keep people out.'"

Flying D had by closing off even county roads (now reopened) tried to block access to 100 square miles of publicly owned lands east of the River. Bill Fairhurst, also a birthright Montanan, talks bluntly about what the corporations are doing: "They're turning public land into a private club for their board of directors and a few personal friends." Speaking in tones of populist radicalism, he lays blame right at the corporate door step, and he doesn't hesitate to add that he came to his understanding directly from having to fight the facile lawyers and hired guns of organizations like the Irvine Corporation. He concedes that Big Sky and Irvine are winning the land fights. "They can spend all their time fighting through the courts. That's their job. They've got the capital to do it. But people like me don't have the time and the money. They've got other jobs."

What of Big Sky itself, that rustic partnership with nature where each condominium (starting price $27,000) has its own garbage disposal unit? As Mr. Chet Huntley explains, Capital is the name of the game. Capital like: Burlington Northern, Northwest Orient Airlines, Montana Power Co., Continental Oil, The Meridian Investing and Development Corporation of Coral Gables, Florida, the General Electric Pension Fund—and most important of all, with 52 percent ownership, the Chrysler Realty Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of Chrysler. Always number three in the car biz, Chrysler started dealing land in the early '60s when it was buying up property for company dealerships. By 1967 land seemed to be doing as well as cars, and Chrysler Realty was formed; at the end of June 1970 assets exceeded $416 million, generating pre-tax earnings of $7.7 million.

Chrysler also owns one square block of Manhattan, a new town called Northfield Hills just north of Detroit, a block of condominiums in Honolulu, a Chicago Loop office building, a student living complex at the University of California, Riverside, plus commercial and residential properties at Las Vegas, Ft. Lauderdale, and Boca Raton, Florida. Chet Huntley and his colleagues declare adamantly to their neighbors that Big Sky is not a real estate development, that it is simply a "recreational area." Chrysler Realty's view differs somewhat. Specifically describing a series of projects including Big Sky, Chrysler President Edwin N. Homer says plainly, "We are also moving into general real estate investment and development as an important profitable and promising corporate diversification."

Another of Frank Culver's co-workers, Michael Gonsior, is keen to the distinction. Big Sky has drawn up a color-coded master plan and an environmental study statement designed to govern the resort's growth. Gonsior, who was recently appointed to a major Forest Service study team, finds little comfort in it. "They had a beautiful master plan down at Vail (Colorado) too, but it didn't take any time to toss it aside once the investors decided they weren't getting out what they had put in. The way Big Sky is set up, it can do the same thing." Big Sky officers boast that they will develop no more than 25 percent of their holdings, and that a set of "protective covenants" prohibit property owners on the development to violate the general plan. There is a small catch though. The owners of 75 percent of the property are permitted to abandon the restrictive covenants should they so decide, which means that Big Sky itself has the power to immediately abolish the tight environmental controls property owners are guaranteed when they buy in.

SINCE ITS INCEPTION, CHET HUNTLEY has made much of Big Sky's environmental approach to development. To be sure, Big Sky's developers have taken several unusual steps. A tertiary sewage and water treatment-recycling system has been installed—the only one of its kind in Montana. Special effort has been taken to prevent soil erosion on the ski slopes, and there have been several pre-development surveys to determine wildlife concentration and surface water purity. Plans call for solid waste to be deposited in landfills.

Yet the tone and choice of issues in Big Sky's Environmental Report seem more an exercise in preventive reaction than ecological construction. Both that report and the Forest Service's Environmental Impact Study were submitted to the Rocky Mountain Center On Environment (RMCOE), a non-profit environmental consulting agency in Denver. RMCOE's evaluation acknowledged that Big Sky had done more environmental planning than most other land developments in the country, but in general it found both studies grossly superficial. Offering praise for preliminary tests and surveys undertaken, RMCOE pointed out that "it was not clear . . . how all this data is being reviewed and coordinated into a meaningful and useful ecological statement about the areas proposed for development." For example, while Big Sky declared that its land "is not a part of any migration route" and is not a winter range, it offered no substantiating data. More importantly Big Sky has not owned the land long enough to chart wildlife grazing patterns. Conveniently omitted is any mention of the adjacent Spanish Peaks Primitive Area where several species of wild animals roam. Big Sky studies have included only those areas to be developed, excluding such contiguous areas. Writes RMCOE, "It does not make ecological sense to limit the wildlife study just to Big Sky itself. Relationships must also be drawn in terms of surrounding wildlife communities." The same can be said for the development of a 27-hole golf course (in a habitat only averaging 30 frost-free days per year), the construction of a paved road through Big Sky lands, or the soil composition and drainage available on land that is to receive solid waste. Of course there are an infinite number of problems which might be examined, and Big Sky's environmental critics do not ask for their exhaustion. Rather the problem is an absence of coherence, the absence of an ecological context which would account for the interrelated effects of any important change in land usage—especially in a locale where

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the life blanket is as fragile as it is on Big Sky's cold, rugged terrain.

Perhaps the costs would be prohibitive for planning on such a scale. Already Big Sky is projected to cost nearly $20 million by completion, and sales of condominiums have dropped off since last summer, making many people wonder if Huntley and Chrysler can make it on the Master Plan as it stands. Big Sky president Gus Raum boasts he'll have the rest of his units sold "in a couple months"—as he did nine months ago. Sea Ranch in California and Snowmass-at-Aspen both dropped well-balanced plans as soon as it became necessary to recoup some "front end" money. Chet Huntley even stated the problem himself. "We cannot expect the private sector to pay taxes on land and simultaneously reserve it as a public park or wilderness area or recreation facility." Huntley at the time was arguing that the proposed land exchanges would give the public ownership of those high wild lands owned by the Burlington Northern. The only guarantees that such areas "will serve the public interest for perpetuity is public title to them." When his critics at home ask Chet if the same logic doesn't hold for land owned by Chrysler Realty, they become "environmental extremists."

Still, Chet Huntley is a nice man. He really wants to save his state. But so do the people who live all year there and who don't jet back and forth to New York. ("Oh, I guess I've been back four or five times last year, you might say I have the best of both worlds.") He likes the small town values, the fact that nobody need lock his front door. Even so, he believes things have stagnated in Montana and that more people are needed to stimulate business. "Well, we can't build a fence around Montana," or as Big Sky president Gus Raum says, "If people want to come here, I'm sorry but I can't do anything about that." And when pressed, Chet admits Big Sky would do better with a few more people in Bozeman; say about 100,000, "that'd be about the right size."

Chances are very good Chet will get his people. "It just doesn't make any sense," he explains, "90 percent of the population on 7 percent of the land." How can Chet Huntley effect that redistribution? It helps to have friends, good friends like Senate majority leader Mike Mansfield and the Department of Transportation. Huntley and Mansfield have been buddies for more than 20 years, and in the two years of appeals over the public land transfer, they have had a regular correspondence. Should the Forest Service consider reversing its decision on the appeals, Mansfield has left no doubt that he would be unhappy. In a letter to the chief of the Forest Service one year ago, Mansfield made it clear he found the appeals process a mere formality and urged the Service to expedite its work as soon as the appeals period was exhausted. Two months later Mansfield wrote the Chief Forester again, enclosing a letter from Huntley, stating his own support for Big Sky, and adding, "Quite frankly, if we cannot bring about developments of this nature, I do not know in what direction the state can turn and at the same time provide the necessary input to keep the state financially sound. Those few who protest have not to my knowledge offered any alternatives." Mansfield's letter was marked "Personal" and scrawled across the bottom was an extra note: "Chief, This is most important to Montana & its development. M.M."

A few months later Big Sky inherited another windfall when the Department of Transportation designated it an "Economic Growth Center," thereby enabling it to receive federal highway construction funds to improve access to the development. "Completion of this development alone," stated the Montana Highway Commission, "will mean a considerable boost for the economy of a number of Southwestern Montana counties, and the further developments it will undoubtedly stimulate will have more far-reaching effects. . . . The high priority assigned to this project results from the simple fact that if the needed transportation facility is not provided, then private capital committed to the area will be withdrawn." The maximum population a growth area may have to qualify for funds is 100,000.

To the Bozeman Chamber of Commerce or the Gallatin County realty board, a city of 100,000 would seem the rosiest possible future for Southwest Montana. Most Montanans, however, are members of neither organization. They are ranchers, or farmers, or employees of a few scattered service industries. They are not a transient population, and outsiders are welcomed only if they are interested in contributing to community life, not if they are interested in temporary speculation. But Montanans are caught these days, caught in a system of agriculture which supports only the large farmers well. Even if they should try to expand their farms or ranches, they have little chance of success because the recreational speculation has driven prices up so far that production cannot support the higher acreage prices.

Recreation may be the only alternative left now. Some are already lining up with Chet, suggesting that the entire state should be developed in projects much like Big Sky. If they have their way, Montana would become a giant sprawling park, it's body bared to those affluent enough to escape for a month of leisure each year to their own private hideaways in the most beautiful and rugged corners of the wilderness. Already the people of Gallatin County have been given an idea of what to expect. A recent study on local air traffic reported fewer than 50,000 passengers arrived or departed from Gallatin Field in 1971. Normal projected growth would have increased air traffic to 126,000 by 1980. When traffic related to Big Sky was included, the projections jumped to 300,000 by 1980 and 425,000 by 1985. Direct New York and Chicago flights will be added, jumbo jets will operate in and out of the airport, and the area now available for parking will be taken by a single car rental agency. Who among the residents in this bustling city of 100,000 will be able to go camping or hiking remains a tough question. The Forest Service has already eliminated most of its free or nearly free campsites, and the public land left may well be barricaded behind the massive game preserves of large holding companies. There will of course be the snow-covered mountain peaks, and if you have a trailer, you can put in a reservation to hook up for a week at Chet Huntley's Summer Village.

Frank Browning is a Contributing Editor to RAMPARTS. *Material for this article is drawn from a forthcoming book on recreational land speculation in rural America.*

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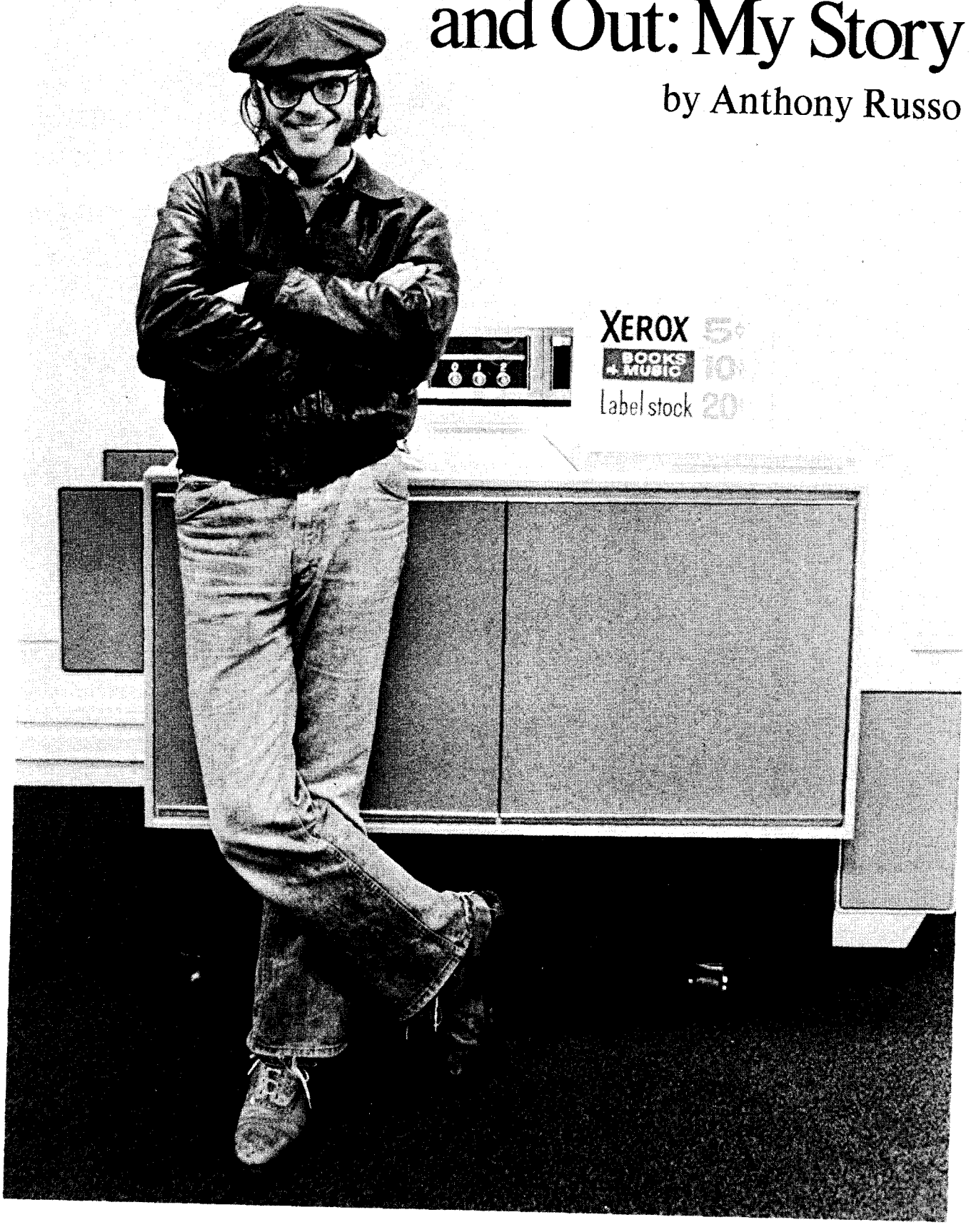
Inside the RAND Corporation and Out: My Story

by Anthony Russo



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"The RAND Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project . . . had built up a team which had interviewed over 100 prisoners and defectors from the Vietcong, which resulted in a report characterizing the Vietcong as idealistic people whose cadre often had a monkish quality of dedication. When these gentlemen came back to brief John T. Naughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Internal Security Affairs (Daniel Ellsberg was at that briefing), he responded: 'If what you say in that briefing is true, we're fighting on the wrong side.'

"But this wasn't the advice the Pentagon wanted, and shortly before I arrived the professors had been sent home to the U.S. The new project director was very critical of the previous leadership—their studies were ridiculed, their intellectual integrity was impugned, and their report was seen as an embarrassment, something more than RAND had bargained for."

(Anthony Russo is a retired defense intellectual, formerly employed by the RAND Corporation. He and co-defendant Daniel Ellsberg together are facing a possible sentence of 150 years in prison on charges arising from the "leak" of the Pentagon Papers.—The Editors)

[I]

I grow up in a small Southern town and prepare for an imperial manhood amidst the rubble of slavery and the ruins of a colonial past; I become a helper at NASA and witness the death of Buck Rogers dreams. I seek greener pastures.

GROWING UP IN THE SOUTH CAN BE both an alienating and humanizing experience. You grow up strong on soul food, even if you are stigmatized with the original sin of white racism. I was a walking contradiction, a half-breed Italian loose amongst a swarm of plantation WASPS. I only saw black people from a distance—the third world didn't run through my kitchen like it did for people who had maids and cooks.

My first memories of Suffolk, Virginia are WASP memories: segregated schools and the Lord's Prayer. Weekend picnics to the homes of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, and daily walks in the Dismal Swamp where Washington skirmished with the British, gave me a sense of the roots of American history. But later Mickey Mantle and Frank Leahy eased out Washington and Jefferson. I suppose in retrospect that the *Encylopaedia Britannica* my dad bought me when I was nine probably saved me from the brain-numbing effects of false hero worship; the walks with my dad in the fields where the Nansemond Indians were destroyed and the dalliance with colonial patriots prepared me for later meetings with the patriotic Vietnamese.

Photograph by Elihu Blotnik (Page 45)

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My youth was a typical middle-class version of growing up absurd. My father had a respectable small town company job; I always got gold stars in school. In high school I played football in the Southern machismo tradition, and at college I was president of my apolitical fraternity.

If my native white racism was equivocated, it was because of rhythm and blues and jazz. Shirley and Lee, Fats Domino, Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington, were all cascading down around my ears when Dien Bien Phu was just three years off and my high school history teacher was complaining in class that Brown vs. Board of Education meant that "next year they'll be over here with us."

I worked at the golf course, learned to play, and made two black friends—Charley Wilson and Charley Garry—who worked there too. They taught me all about wine (they bought it for me as I was under age), women (what they liked), and song (they knew when and where the Fats Domino concerts were). Meanwhile my history teacher was scowling in class, complaining about having to sit with black people who everbody knew smelled funky. It was at this time that it occurred to me that history is likely to be far more interested in the birthplace of Fats Domino than about that of any of Virginia's politicians.

When I left high school in 1955 I headed off to college at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. The idea was that college was supposed to lead to a good job. So, like legions of others, I went into engineering. At first it was industrial engineering, and then I switched into the aeronautical engineering program, partly because I'd loved making model airplanes when I was a kid. I soon became a member of the cooperative engineering program, alternating quarters between work and school until I graduated. My work was spent at the NASA Langley Space Laboratory in Hampton, Virginia, which became the eye of the hurricane when Sputnik was shot up, sending shivers of fear and envy up the American spine.

One thing that had loomed large in my mind when I decided to go to work at the Langley Lab was the fact that I could get a deferment from the draft. The draft had been a big issue then, although for less dramatic reasons than now. It was an interruption—a necessary one, since we were all patriots—of one's upward social movement into the middle-class certitude of jobs, family, possessions. It should be as painless as possible, so in school we were told to join the ROTC because then we could become officers, which everyone knew was better than being an enlisted man. College life became much freer when I was able to quit ROTC after my first year to become what is known as a "civilian student." Not understanding my alienation, I put my head down and plowed ahead with my work, learned a lot about space, and then went to work full-time for NASA after graduation in 1960. I worked on various problems, and even published a paper on the physics of electromagnetic waves in ionized gas. But by 1962, when John Kennedy set the goal of going to the moon in ten years, I was thoroughly disillusioned with what NASA was doing. It was clearly a front for military research, so I didn't think much of it. The Buck Rogers dreams I'd had as a 19-year-old had been undone, and I decided that I was going to seek my fortune elsewhere.

[II]

I journey to cosmopolitan Princeton, study theory—and learn to love JFK. The world is a peculiar place and I decide it needs changing. I take on the liberal tone of my surroundings and become a fledgling defense intellectual. I envision boring from within, and wind up in the belly of the whale.

I KNEW THAT I HAD TO MOVE ON, but at the same time keep my draft flank covered. The best way to take care of both problems seemed to be graduate school. So I applied to Princeton University and was awarded a fellowship in Plasma Physics.

In 1961 I left the woods and drove up to New Jersey. I had been enthusiastically for Kennedy in 1960—he seemed at the time a spot of sanity in the political atmosphere—but I didn't consider myself very political. I spent the first couple of years there trying to rid myself of a persistent Virginia accent and to accumulate enough class not to be seen as poor white trash. I was suddenly thrown in with Northern liberals who were capable of great harshness on the subject of racism in the South.

Being a child of the '50s, I had always been quite concerned with The Bomb. Eisenhower seemed to me quite capable of dozing off, falling out of his chair, and accidentally elbowing the button. By 1961 I was even more concerned about technological warfare and doubted the utility of proceeding in science when I felt the world was overstocked with it. So I dropped out of engineering with a master's degree and enrolled in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs.

During my last year in the Woodrow Wilson school, the year that JFK was assassinated, I worked with a professor named Oskar Morgenstern, one of the co-founders, along with the great mathematician John von Neumann, of the theory of games. I had heard the phrase "game-theory" tossed around a lot in discussions of the new techniques for planning and carrying out national defense. It was chic.

Photographs by Louise Kollenbaum

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There was a lot of talk among students of how the principles of game theory were being applied to planning for defense crises and for possible forms the future might take. As it turned out, the theory is a very abstract set of mathematical techniques, without much in the way of practical application. It can only be applied to a small fraction of simple conflict situations: those where the objective of the conflict between two parties can be put on a graph, or measured in quantifiable terms. There was a second kind of gaming with which this got mixed up. It took place, we knew, at the government think-tanks. It was more a kind of scenario building or script writing for possible wars, usually total war. This had nothing to do with the pure game theory I had been doing; it was simply a group of people sitting around playing games with one another with maps, or by shaking dice to decide who had won or what the outcome of a particular move would be. In the course of this improvised theater of death, there would be occasionally interesting insights into the dynamics of nuclear encounter.

Princeton has a conference every year on a subject of public importance. In 1963–64 it was organized by Professer Morgenstern, with me helping, on the economic aspects of the space program—how does it tangibly effect people's lives, and how can we measure the benefits? Well, as it turned out, the "experts" we invited had thought more about prestige or fame and glory than about these questions. Not surprisingly, the conference yielded very little. Some of the best thinkers in the field came, but all they did was avoid any questions they hadn't already answered and, instead, stuck to the usual comfortable platitudes: "If the money weren't spent on space, it probably wouldn't be spent at all." If all this empty rhetoric didn't make me a radical, I did realize even m re clearly than before that the space program was simply a front for research on intercontinental ballistic missiles, and for finding new kinds of technology for weapons development.

About the time that the space conference was over, in the spring of 1964, I again faced the eternal question of what to do with my life. I was scheduled to finish the Woodrow Wilson school in June and wasn't sure what lay ahead. One of my ideas had been to go to work for the RAND Corporation. In retrospect it seems like a peculiar ambition. But at the time it appeared the logical outgrowth of the direction I'd been wandering toward. This was the early '60s, when the civil rights movement was at its peak. The march on Washington had just occurred; Malcolm X had just begun to be noticed on a nationwide scale, and there was a lot of talk about the Black Muslims; we were already in Vietnam, but that didn't seem critical. I was as much caught up in the notion of "getting involved" and changing things for the better as anyone else. What was attractive about RAND was mainly the myth that it was there that strategic decisions were studied. I had been terrified by The Bomb when I was a kid, and I felt I could bring sanity to the area of defense planning. After all, hadn't my idol, JFK, imported bright young men like myself into high circles of Washington?

Going to work at RAND was more than an idle masturbatory fantasy. I had talked to a couple of "RANDsmen" who had come to speak at the Princeton space conference. One gentleman—his name was David Novick—came to talk on the economic cost of the space program. His message was that of an accountant; he projected the cost of the space program throughout five-year segments into the future. I didn't find this very interesting, but I did talk to Mr. Novick about his department and he expressed an interest in me as a potential RAND employee.

Meanwhile, Professor Morgenstern had been pleased with my work and ideas and suggested that I stay on and write my Ph.D. thesis in economics under him. Of course this meant that I would have faced two to three more years at Princeton, moving over to the economics department and doing the library-full of reading that would enable me to pass the exams and do a dissertation. This was appealing; I liked the notion of being Dr. Russo. But this alternative clashed with my fundamental hope of becoming active in the world, a doer rather than just a thinker. Even though Vietnam was still only simmering as a social issue—on the back burner behind the civil rights movement—I wanted badly to go there. And I had given a great deal of thought to that. There were several ways to do it: I could go on to work for the government; I could join the military; I could perhaps become a journalist. I had met some French students at Princeton who had gotten me interested in Indochina. I'd read everything I could get on the war there, as well as everything there was on the New Frontier defense strategy of counter-insurgency.

When RAND offered the job in a terse take-it-or-not telegram, I decided to accept. In retrospect I think I felt that I could be a kind of anthropologist observing the natives in the village of the Pentagon. And, of course, the RAND Corporation was where the action was, covering all bases from the thermonuclear aspect of things to research in Vietnam. I had the naive notion that, if reason could be brought to bear in a process that looked deeply questionable to me, then perhaps some good could be done. I was caught up in the myth of working from within. Professor Richard Falk was less sanguine about this whole affair than I was. My friends were similarly skeptical. I was alone in thinking the belly of the whale might be an interesting place to work.

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[III]

The belly of the whale turns out to be decorated in Holiday Inn Modern. I wander around in long corridors for several months, making a few friends and influencing nobody. I enhance my skills by reading from RAND's top secret files. I find out about a classified study called the Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project. I practice corridor politics and by a stroke of luck I go to Saigon to interview the other side's POW-MIAs.

I FLEW TO CALIFORNIA AND BEGAN WORK in June 1964. The RAND Corporation building is across the street from the beach front in Santa Monica. I was immediately surprised by the strange familiarity of the place. Then I realized that the area had been used as a locale for hundreds of grade "B" movies and TV serials. A Hollywood stunt man runs an "in" bar next to RAND on Ocean Avenue; movie stars get their divorces across the street; academy award extravaganza's used to be produced right across the parking lot at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Mary Pickford's old beach house sits across the street and the ghost of Lawrence Welk, one of the wealthiest landlords in town, has moved up the street from the Aragon Ballroom where the bubble machine first operated. It is fitting that RAND should be in Santa Monica: a high camp relic of the space age in a field of low camp plastic flowers.

The RAND building is square with several criss-cross corridors that make patios where RANDsmen play ping pong at lunch. Surveillance from the roof and top floor is close; anyone taking a shortcut across the parking lot is watched by a guard through binoculars.

But the apparent laxity in security inside is enough to keep you off balance. How could such a serene building house a super-agency which in many ways is more important than the CIA? The answer is that for years RAND remained outside the public consciousness although physically right under the nose of sidewalk traffic by the beach.

When I first reported for work, I saw that the casual facade was just that, a facade. In each of the three lobbies there were impassive private cops packing guns, acting as receptionists and logging every person who entered or left. In order to get to the inner sanctum, you had to sign a log and clip on a red plastic numbered badge with a paper name tag slipped into it. The halls were lined with cubicle-sized offices and gave off sterile dullness of a government building. Professionals were seen passing back and forth, usually expressionless, even avoiding eye contact.

I reported to David Novick, chief of my department and the man who had hired me. He was a gruff old character who puffed on a cigar and generated a strong authoritarian air. He used a lot of the new defense jargon like "five-year projections," "cost benefit analyses," "program budgeting," etc. Novick was an old hand who had been around in Washington and was known as a practical and hard-headed economist. I mentioned my interest in Vietnam a couple of times during the first couple of weeks I was there, but he gave me no encouragement. Most of the RAND projects on Vietnam were in other departments —Social Science, Logistics, and Engineering—and he said up front that wanting to go to Vietnam was no way to get ahead in his department. He appealed to my ego, though, by saying that the department was sorely in need of the kind of intellectual upgrading I would bring to bear. He needed cost estimates of weapons systems for the Air Force, and the statistical methodology used for delivering these estimates needed refinement, so that's what I set off to do. But I also set about reading everything I could get my hands on in the general RAND files. These files now, for example, contain a study RAND made of the Kennedy assassination: Project Star. It's a particularly special study—its classification is higher than top secret. Only a handful of RAND people know of its existence. RAND files also hold studies of the U.S. negotiating posture in the Indochina War, such being the specialty of the head of the Rand social science department, Fred Iklé, a former MIT professor and close personal friend of Henry Kissinger.

I found the place much duller than the popular myth imagines. I was disappointed in the lack of dialogue. I had expected to find at least some intellectual stimulation, but there was none.

But things began to perk up after a few months when, in poking more into things around the building, I found out about the "Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project" that to this day hasn't been made public. RAND had contracted to do the study for the Department of Defense (for one-half million dollars a year) with data coming from interviews conducted in Vietnamese with captured members of the National Liberation Front and North Vietnamese "infiltrators." A RAND team was to be formed and sent to Vietnam. RAND had been interested in the project for years. Guy Pauker, an Indonesian area specialist, had first proposed it early in the Diem reign, but Ngo Dinh Diem himself had been adamant about never allowing any Americans to talk to prisoners. After the 1963 coup, however, the way was open. The study was to provide ideas for the Department of Defense's psychological warfare program in Vietnam and generally upgrade understanding of just what the National Liberation Front was all about.

I was ecstatic about the remote chance I had of getting a spot on the project. Not only would it provide a means to get to Vietnam, but it would also provide a way to actually talk with the phantoms who were defying American might. From what I had heard from radical colleagues at Princeton and what I'd been able to piece together from Bernard Fall's books, and reading between the lines in the newspapers, I felt that the Vietcong were probably patriots. This situation didn't fit JFK's analysis of a counter-insurgency threat at all—an analysis which pictured wars of national liberation as ploys of the communist super-powers who were resorting to low-key aggression in small third world countries to avoid nuclear encounters. I couldn't see Vietnam as a pawn of Russia or China. I had studied foreign policy under three heavies at Princeton: Richard Falk,

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George Kennan and Klaus Knorr. I thought I understood. But my views were at such odds with official policy and with the "experts" at RAND that I thought maybe there were some important secrets of which I wasn't aware or some intricate concepts that maybe only an insider could grasp. I was not yet the rebel, because I was ready to give conventional wisdom the benefit of the doubt. In fact I leaned over backward to do it. I wanted to be wrong. JFK who had been my hero, had supported involvement in Vietnam. I wanted him to be right.

By the fall of 1964 I had a good idea of what RAND was all about. Throughout that period I talked to people about getting on board the Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project, including the old timers who were in positions of authority. They checked me out pretty thoroughly.

At this time, I had been there close to six months, long enough to see that the mystique was deceptively false. RAND had been compared to the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton—I certainly didn't think it measured up to that. RAND had been called a university without students. A community of scholars in which secrets are kept from one another is virtually a contradiction in terms. But before this really got me down, I learned I'd been chosen to go to Vietnam.

In February 1965, I flew directly from Los Angeles to Saigon with a senior RAND member who, with an air of authority, pointed out several men from the "agency" (CIA) along the way. I remember when we first approached the seacoast of Vietnam, I looked down from the airplane expecting to see fighting going on, but it all looked very quiet. The soil looked red. Low-flying clouds spotted the lush landscape. The airplane landed at Tan Son Nhut airport in Saigon, and we were met by members of the RAND staff in Saigon, and then processed through customs. We rode into town and checked into a hotel near the Presidential palace which was right around the corner from the RAND Corporation villa.

The Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project had been going for about six months. Initially it was run by two Vietnam scholars with contacts in Saigon who were working for RAND as consultants. They had built up a team which had interviewed over 100 prisoners and defectors from the Vietcong, which resulted in a report characterizing the Vietcong as idealistic people whose cadre often had a monkish quality of dedication. When these gentlemen came back to brief John T. McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs (he's featured in the Pentagon Papers), he responded: "If what you say in that briefing is true, we're fighting on the wrong side." (Daniel Ellsberg was at that briefing.)

But this wasn't the advice the Pentagon wanted, and shortly before I arrived the professors had been sent home to the U.S. The new project director was very critical of the previous leadership—their studies were ridiculed, their intellectual integrity was impugned, and their report was seen as an embarrassment, something more than RAND had bargained for. Leon Gouré, the new leader, was an absolute hawk on the war, hardly a value-free scholar. As time would show, Gouré would interpret the interviews with prisoners in ways that would make the U.S. Air Force look good or suggest that it be given more responsibility.

[IV]

I learn about Charlie and his communism. I see the American war machinery grinding its way through the Vietnamese countryside. I see things that I wasn't prepared for and that I don't like. I get a new view of the war and of RAND.

MY CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY on the project was to supervise three to four Vietnamese interviewers. With the rank of Army Captain, I negotiated with Vietnamese officials through the American military in order to set up interviews with prisoners. The prisons were all over Vietnam. We interviewed both in Saigon and in the provinces, asking the Vietnamese prisoners detailed questions about their family, their livelihood, and their attitude toward the war.

The Vietcong were not as I had supposed them to be. They had a courageous dedication and assured us they would fight to their last drop of blood to kick the American imperialists out of their country. Vietnamese villagers would refer to them as "the Liberation Gentlemen who speak with honeyed tongue." I was very surprised at their openness. I began to see that what motivated them above all was the profound desire to live in peace and to keep their Vietnamese culture free from foreign control.

I think one of the first jarring experiences I had was about two months after I arrived in Vietnam. Through an interpreter I interviewed a man who had been with the movement since before 1954. He was an agit-prop cadre who conducted traveling theater groups through villages in the rural sector very near Saigon. The groups would sing, put on plays, encourage people to resist. He didn't like me at all the first morning of the interview, but after we talked for two full days, he recited poetry and sang a song for me. I will never forget one of the lines of the song. "Our hatred for the Americans is as high as the sky." I didn't feel he hated me, and I certainly didn't hate him. He imparted to me the intense commitment of the NLF.

In retrospect, I think the main feature of the project

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was the extent to which the interviews provided the NLF with identity in official American eyes. The interviews were printed in multiple copies and circulated throughout a number of American military and civilian agencies. They were very popular with Americans; here, for the first time, was the mysterious guerrilla who had heretofore been an enigma speaking to the reader from a printed page. The entire body of data consists of over 600 interviews.

Five years ago RAND said the interviews would be made public, but the 40,000 pages have still not been released. There is no way the study could help the "enemy" because the interviews are, themselves, testimony by the "enemy." Then why are they not made public? Well, for two reasons: (1) the interviews contain embarrassing stories of atrocities and crimes against humanity; and (2) they reveal the identity and therefore the humanity of the Vietnamese. Publication of the interviews would make it much more difficult to depersonalize the Vietnamese as "gooks," "slopes," and "terrorists"; we could no longer get away with ignoring the civilian body counts (330 per day); and we would have to re-examine all our imperial notions about "helping" the poor peasant countries of the third world.

As time went on, I became more aware of the outrageous kind of whoring that RAND was engaged in. Regardless of what came out in the interviews, Gouré, the project leader, would always find something to support his bias. He said that American air power, which had been beefed up considerably since February 1965 when the U.S. first began to bomb North Vietnam regularly, was tremendously effective in weakening the Front; and for this, of course, the Air Force loved him. He said that the Vietcong were losing and that their morale was crumbling. Gouré quickly became the hottest thing on the American briefing circuit, earning himself trips all the way back to Washington.

In the summer of 1965 the issue of refugees came up. The principal question was, "Did refugees help or hurt us; did they help or hurt the Vietcong?" Gouré concluded that "the generation of refugees," as the process was later to be called, helped the U.S. effort because refugees leaving the Vietcong took strategic support away with them. This position later became policy with the U.S. Army. They intentionally "generated" refugees. It was said that bombing, defoliation, crop destruction were used with this end result in mind. In some cases, helicopters and trucks would go into areas and load people up and take them out. The areas would then be submitted to saturation bombing.

In June 1965 I was sitting with Gouré in an Air Force office out at Tan Son Nhut air base. We were talking to Air Force people when word came in that the use of B-52s had been OK'd. I couldn't believe it—it seemed totally senseless. When I asked myself what role RAND had played in all this, I had to admit it was sizeable. Just how senseless was driven home to me a month later when I went to a little province town just north of Saigon to interview refugees who had come in from the forest which had been bombed. A little old man sat in a chair clutching a leaflet illustrated with B-52s dropping bombs. The leaflet announced that the area would be bombed on July 17 because enemy troops were there, and that arrangements for refuge should be made before that time. One day prior to schedule, the old man said, the bombs came. He was one of the few survivors. He looked very sad. He was shell shocked and trembling.

When I compared the National Liberation Front, with its vitality and its will for freedom, with the spiritless Vietnamese who were fighting for us, it was clear that the ARVN were very much the niggers, the slaves, the mercenaries. American bombing, sweep and destroy missions, chemical spray programs, anti-personnel weapons, napalm: this institutional and technological terrorism is millions of times worse than anything at the disposal of the NLF.

[v]

I meet one of General Lansdale's right-hand men in Saigon reading a Lartéguy novel. I run into him again on Lavender Hill. I conduct my own Vietnam studies and get sacked for my pains.

IT WAS AT THIS TIME that I first met Daniel Ellsberg at the RAND villa at 176 rue Pasteur, Saigon. I was alone in the office that afternoon when he knocked at the door. We introduced ourselves; I invited him in and we began to chat. He had just arrived and wanted me to tell him of my six months' experience in Vietnam. At the time Dan was an employee of the State Department serving as a member of General Ed Lansdale's team.

We talked for about an hour. He was intense, curious, and impressed me as being rather bright. He took a lot of notes as we talked; I remember having the feeling I was being interviewed.

Over the course of the next year we bumped into each other a half dozen times at the RAND villa and various other places around Saigon. I remember him reading a Lartéguy novel; he was getting into the esoterica of Vietnam. He impressed me as someone who was highly critical of the mechanics of U.S. policy although accepting its overall design. At the time, he seemed to have faith that our government would eventually find the right way to fight the war.

Just before leaving Vietnam in fall of 1966, I read a

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closely held top secret document called the "Roles and Missions Study." It had been done by a special task force and Dan had done the major portion of the work on the study. It was highly critical of the U.S. effort, recommended many changes, including the cancellation of programs and the disbanding of certain military units. In essence, the report was an indictment of General Westmoreland. It was circulated "unofficially" through a number of American agencies and generally received enthusiastic approval. Westmoreland, it was said, hit the ceiling.

(It was later, back at RAND in 1968, that we became close friends. I had just returned from a depressing six months in Saigon; Dan had come out from Washington. Our offices were right across the hall from each other. By this time, our positions on Vietnam were similar, although arrived at through quite different avenues. We had both worked from the assumption that policy could be changed from within, but neither of us had achieved success. We spent a lot of time sharing our experiences. In Vietnam I had worked at the grassroots level, while Dan had been at the policy-making level. To me he represented the Establishment; I was overjoyed at finding someone in his position to be against the war. At first our contact was mostly in the office. After several weeks we began having dinner together. Gradually we became close on a personal as well as professional level.)

During the 18 months of my first trip to Vietnam I visited various other parts of Southeast Asia. The more I grew to admire Asian culture—especially Vietnamese—the more I was outraged at the Orwellian horror of the U.S. military machine grinding through Vietnam and destroying everything in its path. Tens of thousands of Vietnamese girls were turned into prostitutes; streets that had been lined with beautiful trees were denuded to make room for the big military trucks and Saigon had a smog problem. From time to time there would be "accidents" when the U.S. army trucks defending Saigon would run over Vietnamese, killing them. I was fed up with the horror and disgusted by the petulance and pettiness with which the RAND Corporation conducted its business.

When I came back to the U.S. in September 1966, I experienced a deeper depression. People at RAND seemed unbelievably naive when they talked about the war. And the contrast between the death and destruction I saw over there and the naively carefree attitude at home was startling. But I stayed in Santa Monica at the RAND office for a year, still trying to make a difference. First I wrote a critical evaluation of the project in Vietnam; then I worked on a problem that had come up as a result of work that had been done at RAND on the relationship between pockets of resistance in Vietnam and socio-economic factors. I also wrote a study of the crop destruction program in Vietnam that was being conducted by the Americans, making no attempt to hide the way I felt about the war.

While I had been in Vietnam, a piece of work had been done at RAND by E. J. Mitchell which purported to show that in areas of Vietnam where the land was equally distributed, Vietcong support was much higher, and where the distribution of land was less equalized, there was more support for the government. It was a statistical study, using sophisticated methods of econometrics, and its upshot was the absurd conclusion that, the poorer the peasant, the more likely he was to support the government. This would have been almost laughable, except that it was taken seriously. While in Vietnam, I thought everyone knew that Vietcong support was stronger in poorer areas of the countryside. But, because the results of Mitchell's study were so novel, it gained a great deal of attention both at RAND and in Washington. I set out to try to disprove Mitchell's hypothesis, and had just gotten underway with my work when a request came to me from the new director of the Vietcong Motivation and Morale Project to return to Saigon.

My first task was to wrap up a study of a crop destruction which RAND had promised the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) a year earlier. I was to address the question of how effective the crop destruction program was as a means of denying food to the Vietcong. After four months of research and evaluation, I concluded that the program should be discontinued. By developing a statistical model of the relationship between Vietcong food supplies and the economy at large, I could show that for every pound of rice that was denied the Vietcong through crop destruction, one hundred pounds of rice was denied the rural population. Written in careful "systemspeak" (Cost/benefit), the study showed that the crop destruction program was simply denying food to the civilians, and was empirically "ineffective" as a way to hurt the Vietcong. It was published by RAND and distributed to Secretary McNamara's office. Later I heard that McNamara had read the report and sent it to General Westmoreland with a query as to why such an ineffective program had been going on for so long. At that point the crop destruction program had been in effect for six years.

When I got back to Saigon, no one would talk to me about the report. I wanted to brief the military and civilian officials, but the ARPA field office was reluctant to set up briefings. As the weeks wore on, I became impatient. I told the Saigon ARPA people that if they didn't set up a briefing soon I would go back to Washington and explain that no one in Saigon was willing to hear the study briefed. At this the ARPA people arranged for a briefing to be presented to a man named David Griggs, a geophysicist on the faculty of the physics department at UCLA and a consultant to the RAND Corporation. At that time Griggs was working in Saigon as a scientific advisor to General Westmoreland. He told me that after looking at my report he had written a telegram to Secretary McNamara, which went out over Westmoreland's signature, saying that Westmoreland had personally inspected areas that had been sprayed with chemicals and had "witnessed the effectiveness" of the crop spray program. Griggs ended by stating that General Westmoreland was well pleased with the conduct and effectiveness of the program, and planned to continue it as in the past. I asked him to please explain why he disagreed with me; he simply looked at his watch, said he was busy, and had to leave. The entire meeting lasted no longer than fifteen minutes.

During my second stay in Vietnam, I resumed my work on the answer to the Mitchell study. I collected economic data on the rural population, gathering such items as per capita income, average size of landholdings, and the fertility of the rice fields. I also examined data on the extent

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to which various geographical areas were controlled by the contending parties. I found, contrary to the Mitchell hypothesis, that poor areas were more likely to support the Vietcong. In fact, the correlation between support for the Vietcong and socio-economic factors was almost 100 percent. This evidence confirmed my views that the war was a conflict in which military power was of much less importance than the socio-political struggle.

I took these findings back to RAND early in 1968, where they were poorly received, to say the least. Charlie Wolf, my boss and head of the economics department, was not enthusiastic. Wolf had supported Mitchell's findings, which implied that it was the people of lower income who backed the puppet government, and he took great pride in arguing that increases in social welfare would tend to create greater problems. But I held to my views, and was not surprised when in May 1968 Charlie Wolf fired me, citing the usual bureaucratic rationale: "budgetary problems."

Wolf had been my administrative boss, but I had virtually no contact with him. My immediate boss had praised my work highly and had even, at one point, said that he should be working for me. I had thought my work to be top notch; more than a handful of people had complimented it in quite flattering ways; the same people had picked my brains in designing and pursuing their own studies. When I was fired, they all expressed shock to me personally, but only Dan Ellsberg went to the boss and protested. Dan was the only RAND professional who refused to behave like an inmate.

[VI]

I do some thinking of my own about RAND. I visit the old place and find out that nothing has changed.

AFTER HAVING BEEN FIRED FROM RAND, I entered a long reflective period. The '60s had been an entire historical epoch, telescoped into ten years. The '60s saw the biggest expansion of capitalism history has ever known. The '60s saw men obsessed with abstractions take over the Defense Department. Herman Kahn called the study of thermonuclear warfare "thinking about the unthinkable." We were supposed to get ready for Armageddon so that we could plan it away. We could avoid it only if we analyzed and understood it. In analyzing it, we became obsessed with it. As we backed away from this terrifying abstraction, we took refuge in the myth of counter-insurgency. The combination in the '60s of the greatest capitalist expansion history has known walking backwards into the myth of counter-insurgency created whole new careers for men like Charlie Wolf, a counter-revolutionary economist. His discipline is counter-insurgency.

Reflecting on these things, I began to put everything together. There is a right side and there is a wrong side in this great debate about the war in Indochina. On one side of the debate are men like Charles Wolf and Henry Kissinger, the Rasputin of the American Empire. Both are men preoccupied with abstractions. Both men have closed eyes, both men have linear minds which are paralyzed by paradox. Neither can recognize the difference between the inscrutability of fact and the inscrutability of reference. Henry Kissinger, in his application of the elitist defense intellectual theories of counter-insurgency, has decided that in order to have the freedom to exercise his theory one must also have the freedom to be dictator of foreign policy. In his mind foreign policy is beyond the ken of domestic popular opinion. Two million people have died to prove him wrong, and he doesn't recognize it yet.

When I left RAND, and quit the Establishment, I did so as a working member of the Establishment who had witnessed elaborately synthesized lies, mathematically formulated lies, perpetuated by people who are the first victims of their own deception. I had worked within the system almost continuously for 13 years, from the day that I began in the space program in 1956 at the Langley Laboratory in Hampton, Virginia to the day I left RAND—six months after Charlie Wolf fired me—January 3, 1969.

I wasn't sorry to leave. I hadn't been happy there. Recently I was reminded of this when I ran into two former colleagues at Chez Jay's, a restaurant next door to RAND, where half a dozen or more RANDsmen can be found any day of the week. It was crowded, so the waitress asked if we'd mind sharing a four-place table with two other people. Almost before we nodded approval, she dashed off to set it up. She placed a red-colored, woven screen on a table for four to separate us from the other two who were already eating. It's a good thing she did so; it probably saved the security clearances of two old RAND colleagues of mine, who, by chance, were sitting at the table as we stepped up to take our seats. I sat down and greeted them as they stifled gasps and managed to return the greetings weakly over the red screen, which by then had become a concrete metaphor for our different positions. It was more than a screen or even the Pentagon Papers which was between us. We both knew we had chosen different sides. I felt comfortable, but they seemed to squirm; both are fiftyish liberals, who oppose U.S. involvement in Indochina. One is an economist; the other an expert in propaganda analysis. Both have done extensive work in Vietnam and probably feel they are speaking the truth to power—a noble task; in reality they are but speaking truth *for*

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power (an important distinction which Dan has taught me).

These men are paid with our tax money and have a lot to tell us about the war. The information they have in their heads and the secret documents they know about could do much to reveal the evils of U.S. government policy. One of them even went so far as to tell Dan Ellsberg he didn't want to see him for at least two years. When I asked them how things were going, the one nearer to my seat responded with a statement, the inscrutibility of which is unsurpassed even in Vietnam: "You know how it is, Tony, nothing ever changes."

[VII]

I leave RAND and set out to study my own country first hand. I walk the streets and meet diverse people not previously part of my culture. I tour colleges and share wine with denizens of the Bowery. The Pentagon Papers break all around me. I become an outlaw and a jailbird. They plan 150 years in prison for Dan and me, so we need help.

LEAVING RAND WAS A MOMENT OF CRISIS for me. It was not that I was distraught over losing a career; on the contrary, I had never thought of myself and RAND as being married. I had not been "coopted," not because I was any better than all the RAND people who are, but because my commitment had been of a different order. RAND, for me, was a means of getting somewhere else. I had gotten there and found out what I wanted to know. What bothered me most was that all the liberal myths about "boring from within" had died while I was at RAND, and I didn't have any strategy for change to replace them.

I decided to float for a while, and wait the '60s out. I began to study my country in much the same manner as I had studied Vietnam. I was able to do this much more easily, of course, because I knew the United States much better than Vietnam and could cut corners. Also, unlike my former RAND colleagues, I didn't believe in using bureaucratic methods. I toured Watts and worked there. I lived with friends on the lower east side who knew the neighborhood so well they could point out all the muggers. They took me through the Harlem streets, and we went into "shooting galleries" (where junkies take heroin together). At one point I came close to death when three black men with knives mistook me for a heroin pusher. Luckily a friend saw the attack from across the street and helped me chase off the attackers. I hit college campuses during the strike after the Cambodia invasion in spring of 1970. By December of that year I had decided to go to work for the County Probation Department because I feel probation is the only viable alternative to incarceration.

On June 13, 1971, the Pentagon Papers broke; a few days later Sidney Zion, an unemployed former *New York Times* journalist, told the world that Dan had done it; and on June 19, in the afternoon, the FBI appeared at my doorway. The dialogue was terse: "Are you Russo?" "Yes." "We want to talk to you about Ellsberg." "I do not wish to talk to you." "Do you have a lawyer?" "That's none of your business."

The FBI lost no time in having me subpoenaed by the grand jury. On the following Tuesday morning, June 22, I pulled up to my house and, just as I got out of my car, noticed an FBI car skid to a halt blocking my driveway. Both doors flew open and two agents bounded up to me and tapped me on the shoulder with the subpoena. I noticed that Robert Meier, the U.S. Attorney, had not signed it. I later found out that Meier was against the government pursuing the case, because they essentially had none. He resigned shortly thereafter. The agents assured me that the subpoena was legal with only the clerk's signature. My attorney concurred, so I showed up at the courthouse the next morning with my toothbrush in my pocket ready to go to jail because I was sure of one thing: I was not going to cooperate with the inquisitors. I made it clear that while I would tell my story in open court I could not tell it in secret before a grand jury which is acting as a rubber stamp for the prosecution. Originally intended to protect the people from arbitrary prosecution by kings, grand juries in America have become repressive tools of the executive branch. No man or woman of principle should feel obliged to cooperate with them. Grand juries can punish or harass people who don't do their bidding. Legally they have the power to grant the witness immunity from prosecution (whether the witness wants it or not); he or she is then in the position of either answering any and every question asked (without counsel present) or being cited for contempt of court and put in jail. That's precisely the position I found myself in last summer. The prosecution was trying to coerce me into helping them get Ellsberg who, I have heard it said, was marked for prosecution by Henry Kissinger, one of his former colleagues.

I wasn't put in jail right away. I refused to testify on the basis of the Fifth Amendment and stuck to my position, even after they granted me immunity. I faced jail six times while a series of continuances, bails pending appeal, and stays of execution played themselves out through the summer, Each time it was a relief to find a few more days of freedom. But finally, on August 16, the Supreme Court

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denied my motion to stay out of jail; I surrendered to the bailiff on the courthouse steps at 4:00 PM and was in the Los Angeles County Jail within two hours. After spending the night on the concrete floor of the bull pen, I was called into the booking room. The booking clerk, a young woman, insisted on taking my reading glasses while I was trying to explain to her that I needed them. Apparently you're not supposed to talk during the booking process, because one of the guards became incensed at me, grabbed my arm and began shoving me down a hallway where four other guards joined in and pushed me rather vigorously into a "maximum security" cell—the hole. The absurdity of the situation began to sink in as I sat on the floor in the hole. They had kept me up all night, made me sleep on the floor, shoved me around, and hadn't even let me make a phone call. I sat there until about 8:30 AM when I figured the time had come to ask for my phone call. The guard outside the door ignored my request; he wouldn't even acknowledge hearing me. I started getting mad and kicked the door for several minutes when all of a sudden it flew open, half a dozen guards burst in, and I was thrown to the floor, their knees in my back, while they handcuffed me, chained my ankles, and tied my wrists and ankles together behind my back. They slammed the door behind them and left me on my belly tied in a neat little bow.

The fact that I was now a criminal continued to be impressed on me during my entire 47-day stay in jail. On September 6, in Terminal Island Federal Prison where I had been transferred, I was beaten up for refusing to let two guards take my journal from me: one of my toenails was half torn off, a bone bruised, and a bump was left on the back of my head. For this I was then hauled before the "adjustment committee" (the Prison Star Chamber proceedings) where I was charged with "agitating and disrupting the other inmates." The guard who had beaten me was present but said nothing; I attempted to engage him in dialogue but he would have no part of it. In fact, no one on the committee said anything after I finished delivering my defense, which drew on behavior modification psychology. I was ushered out of the room while they deliberated; I returned to hear their verdict. I was acquitted of the charge; a hollow victory at best.

On October 1 I submitted a motion to the court, requesting a transcript of any grand jury testimony I should choose to make. Earlier in the summer I had suggested this to my attorney, but he hadn't thought it would work. So I got a new attorney who felt differently and we made the motion. If the court would grant it, I would agree to testify because a copy of the transcript could be made public. It was equivalent to letting the public into the grand jury room as far as I was concerned. The court did grant the motion, and I then agreed to testify. I was let out of jail, and scheduled to appear in court on October 18. But I never did testify: the prosecutor, David Nissen, abusing due process, refused to agree to give me a transcript and termed the court order "unlawful and beyond the authority of the court." A month after Nissen disobeyed the court order an opinion was handed down by the presiding judge, Hon. Warren J. Ferguson, declaring that, since I had been willing to testify with a transcript, I was no longer in contempt of court.

But no sooner was I out of jail and back on the street, when at the corner of Missouri and Selby Avenues in West Los Angeles, I was pulled over, handcuffed, choked, pushed face first into the pavement and beaten by two officers of the Los Angeles Police Department. I was charged with two counts of disorderly conduct, one of resisting arrest and drunk driving, and am awaiting trial. The next night Ellsberg spoke at the biggest political rally in the history of Los Angeles. It is well know that the FBI and the right-wing Los Angeles Police Department work closely together, although proving they did so in this case will be a difficult job.

After six months of coercion and harassment, the prosecution indicted me, disregarding the immunity which they had given me in June. My feeling is that the prosecution would have indicted me back in June had they not wanted me to help them get Dan. Attorney General Mitchell boasted back in the summer that he would indict anyone involved. He must have decided I was dangerous, for over 16 FBI agents came to try to arrest me, threatening my friends for "harboring a fugitive," although the indictment was still secret. Instead of calling my attorney to inform him of the indictment so I could surrender, they declared me a "fugitive"and started hunting me. My lawyer heard a rumor about it, checked it out, and arranged for my surrender. I barely escaped being dragged in like a criminal and held for $100,000 bail.

So far, this is a story without an ending. The indictment itself is an affront to one's sense of justice. Dan and I are charged with "conspiracy to defraud the United States and an agency thereof." But the whole point of the Pentagon Papers is the incredible extent to which the government has defrauded the people of America. There is much more at stake than the fact that Dan faces 115 years of jail and I face 35. As William G. Thompson, one of Sacco and Vanzetti's lawyers once said: "I will say to your honor that a government that has come to honor its own secrets more than the lives of its citizens has become a tyranny."

Without the help of Katherine Barkley, my partner, this piece could not have been written.

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Updike Redux

"The walls hold tinted photographs of himself and Mim in high school, taken he remembers by a pushy pudgy little blue-jawed crook who called himself a Studio and weaseled his way into the building every spring and made them line up in the auditorium and wet-mop their hair so their parents couldn't resist two weeks later letting them take in to the homeroom the money for an 8 by 10 tinted print and sheet of wallet-sized grislies of themselves; now this crook by the somersault of time has become a donor of selves otherwise forever lost . . . Both children smile out into space, through the crook's smudged lens, from that sweat-scented gym toward their mother bedridden some day."

by John Gordon

I'M SOMERSAULTING backwards for a minute. John Updike was 26 in 1958, the time setting for *Rabbit, Run*. Writing it was at least partly an act of memory. By the time of its publication in 1960 it already had a queer yearbook tang to it, dredging up old fading faces (The Dalai Lama, Connie Francis) and tunes ("The Happy Organ," "Petit Fleur") and, queerest of all, informed with something like nostalgia for a dead, richer past. This from John Updike, *The New Yorker's* newest darling, not 30 and already a lion. Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, his hero, the former high school basketball star; now 26 and everything around him souring; his thoughts always returning to high school adolescence, that great bulbous node in life's neck, to the basketball courts and the parked cars: "The first varsity game he played in he made 23 points. A sophomore and a virgin."

A sophomore and a virgin, I was 15 years old in 1960 when I spent one whole long faceless Sunday hanging over my bed, eating dried apricots and reading through *Rabbit, Run* from start to finish. Absolutely rapt. What a writer! If the devil had appeared that moment and offered to change the name on the jacket from "Updike" to "Gordon"—

The paint is worn off the toilet seat and the washbasin is stained by the hot-water faucet's rusty tears; the walls are oily and the towel-rack empty. There is something terrible in the height of the tiny ceiling: a square yard of a dainty metal pattern covered with cobwebs in which a few white husks of insects are suspended.

God what a writer . . . he'd have had a deal.

Now here I am, having reached 26 myself, an age that once looked impossibly empyrean and time-blasted when I was the age of Updike's Angstrom's memory of his younger self. The book in front of me is *Rabbit Redux*, by John Updike. Like the first *Rabbit*, it is an act of recall, resurrecting the events of summer and fall 1969, from the Apollo 11 moonflight to the October Moratorium. Other memories are being plucked at the same time. The jacket cover has the same design as the 1960 book, though the colors are changed and a picture of the moon has been stuck in a corner. Inside, the son fitfully cannibalizes the father: stray phrases recur, meaningless unless we remember their first context. When Rabbit, deserted by his wife Janice, spends the night with Peggy Gring Fosnacht, it makes things a quantum richer to remember that Janice ran to Peggy in *Rabbit, Run* when Rabbit left *her*, and to recall Rabbit's words: "Oh Peggy Gring. That moron. She married that hick Morris Fosnacht." Neat to remember, as Rabbit sips daquiris all through the book, that the drink was introduced to him by Ruth, his brief flame in the first book; sadly, it seems the only thing from her that he's held onto. And so on, including lots of things I've no doubt missed.

And the style is a return, too—the old breakneck present tense, scurrying like an ant across the noumena under the thresholds of our quotidian complacencies. Good to see again. Memories of the great Dutch painters from whose stock Updike springs: Vermeer lovingly embossing every drop in the runnel from the milk-girl's pitcher. The simple joy, embodied in Rabbit's basketball stardom (and elsewhere in Ted Williams' apotheosis), in the thing done well. He is still the one we'd all like to be able to write like:

The scattered handkerchiefs and horsetails of inky storm-cloud drift east across the ridge of Mt. Judge and the sky resumes the hazed, engendering, blank look of Pennsylvania humidity.

Great. If grace equalled Grace, Updike would have won his wings a long time ago.

In a way, he seems to think he has. People in Updike's books do and say the most awful things to one another, but they do it all the time in the world of Updike's prose and glimmering detail, a rainbow web of a world of beautiful changes and splendor in the grass, with God's genial genius seeping through every cranny. Consequently none of the nastiness ever seems to stick.

Consider what happens to Rabbit Angstrom in this latest book. Janice deserts him and shacks up across town with a Greek-American car salesman, leaving him alone with his son Nelson. Both wife and lover regale Rabbit at intervals throughout the rest of the book about how great they are in bed,

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how lousy he was. Usually this is on the phone, and Rabbit never hangs up. He ambles fecklessly into an affair with an 18-year-old post-hippie named Jill who calls him a "creep," starts getting indignant phone-calls from Janice about his shocking sex habits; he doesn't hang up. Enter Skeeter, an utterly obnoxious caricature of a black militant, who proclaims himself God, baits Rabbit viciously, threatens to kill him. After a brief scuffle Rabbit tells him he can stay: why? "Rabbit sifts himself for the reason." Since the reader is doing the same thing, and not coming up with an answer, the line is a neat ploy by Updike. Skeeter moves in, proceeds to take over sexual proprietary rights on Jill and hook her on heroin. Time passes. Then Rabbit's neighbors burn down his home, killing Jill. Next, Rabbit gets laid off his job. At the end Janice returns to him, and the two end the novel, sleeping in a motel room, on a grace-note of qualified affirmation:

He finds this inward curve and slips along it, sleeps. He. She. Sleeps. O.K.?

THROUGHOUT, RABBIT gets it from all corners: his father, who likes to ask him searching questions about his sex life, Janice, Janice's lover, Jill, Skeeter, his neighbors, his boss, and others. A lot of it is gratuitous; almost all of it is unaccountably vicious. It has been suggested that Updike deliberately overdoes the insult to injury with his hero in order to cadge the reader's sympathy. That may have worked in *Rabbit, Run,* where Rabbit, the errant husband, was at least technically the offending party. But in the mirror-plot of the sequel, with Rabbit getting nothing but crap from start to finish, he would seem to be on the verge of, what I can't believe Updike wants for him, a Chaplinesque shlemieldom, J. Q. Littleguy taking it from the furies. Only he isn't. Because there are no furies in the book, not really.

Somehow none of it—the arson-murder, the fights, the nests of hissing characters—ever manages to bulk as any kind of real malignant agent, as anything that might *stop* our hero and put him under. Death has no dominion, though there is a fair share of dying; it all passes before us in a kind of dreamscape, fading into the blue-unreality of a television disaster-cast, buoyed like an astronaut on the airless ether of the moon, floating on the plumpish nicenesses of marijuana hypnogogy. The correspondences here, incidentally, are Updike's: he shows Rabbit sliding easily from TV addict to pothead while on the screen the astronauts orbit dreamily, sending back photos of the earth and moon so Walter Cronkite can use one for a logo on his news show for people like Rabbit.

So he knows. Updike is aware of how much his characters are phantoms —to us and, he seems to say, to themselves as well. And, sure, he has his finger on something there: how our surfeit of stimuli tend to flip-flop us into secular Trappists, plumping up buffers of cool and a peculiar chastity: touch me not. Nothing does

touch Updike's characters, really, which is probably why they are always trying to break through to one another, with sex or words, and why the plot line beats on them so mercilessly. The fluid they move in, rich with past and effervescing with pinpricks of sensory input, is a nacreous wash—cloaking, sea-changing, vitiating all the reflexes of anything like tragedy.

Here, for instance, is Rabbit at the moment of trauma with Janice, when she has just confessed her affair: ". . . his shins shiver, his palm sore from the clipper handles is a crescent of bronze." Again, this is kind of true to a kind of life, and a device that can make for brilliant effect: "Pray you undo this button." But Lear's button is all he has left, and so his attention to it only magnifies his fall, whereas the glowing twinge in Rabbit's hand seems already, at this moment of collapse, to be whispering of rarer riches beyond the tawdry round of domestic spats. It is a thief, that crescent of bronze; it robs the scene of its dramatic (or melodramatic) birthrights and, curiously, of reality as well.

Strange that a Christian writer in this age, this Wasp in the woodpile, should find it so hard to make pain and evil believable. Surely he can't be lacking material. Intentional or not, there is a kind of correspondence between the suburban American glut in which his characters live and the overstuffed abounding grace imminent in his narrative world. Not for him, the stark peripety of social realism, fate hinging on a stolen bicycle or sewing machine. The plotline, a succession of things being smashed, burned, wasted, ironically reflects an optimism of the kind that is usually called "incurable," because its fatalism is double-edged: 1) All things pass away; 2) And there's always something to take their place. One can imagine what a Marxist critic might make of Updike, conspicuously consuming all those golden word-worlds, modern spokesman for a religious tradition historically linked to capitalism: exploitation, waste, "progress." "O.K.?"

Updike critics often avoid this cul-de-sac by parsing things into a familiar critical crux: how much of this rich, weak-chinned narrative, they ask, can we take to be in the consciousness of the protagonist, and how much is Updike himself? Hostile reviewers usually think the separation is minimal, that the feckless protagonist equals the plotless progenitor; Updike's characters don't know what to do because Updike doesn't know what to do with them.

But it is hard to imagine how, given the kind of world in which they live, they *should* act, or what they could do with any decisiveness. And the problem should be a familiar one to anyone alive who can respond to Updike's relish of the moment's gift. He doesn't believe anymore (like a lot of us) that people really know what to do or how to change things—in this place where, say, a million Bengalis vanish in war and earthquake and not a whimper in our night air. And so his "plot" has become increasingly in his later fiction a sweeping lyric gesture,

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reflecting more than anything else the sex act on which he is so amiably hung up. The action initiated by his men and women takes on its own surge, swells and comes to term in a scouring fire, subsides and leaves us to pick through the stray silverings. "I once wrote an essay," says the Bulgarian poetess in *Bech: A Book*, ". . . on the orgasm as perfect memory. The one mystery is, what are we remembering?"

I don't know but I know what she's getting at, this feeling that sex is the closest we get to whatever we've lost, and how grateful we all seem to be for anything that leaves us breathless. The plaintive note in the Poetess's voice, of course, is Updike's, because the answer is always a question, because even when we feel we've swung to the far side of the mystery there is never the moment when we can say we are *there*, because the writer, bodying a world in which nothing builds more meaningfully than this indiscriminate sweep of ballooning, fugitive *donnae*, has the positive right to ask us what darlings we would have him kill. Dust-motes contain worlds, every urchin is maybe an incarnation, and life its own shivered mirror, and what creaky stage-machinery of lost codicils and separated twin brothers should be allowed to crowd any of it out? The Updike "plot" is a moving landscape of a million big and little blazenings, the more expansive and extended the better; our expectations of "action" comes from another, not necessarily realer, world.

WHICH STILL LEAVES THE problem of how to fit it all together. John Updike went through the Harvard English Department in the early '50s. Few things are more likely than that someone with that background would possess a highly developed sensitivity to the 17th century metaphysical poets, with their energetic paradoxes and strenuous structural unities. John Donne was near his zenith and Updike knew him well. The opening of one section in *Rabbit Redux* consciously echoes the first line of *The Sun Rising*, a Donne set-piece, and many of Updike's many sex scenes owe a great deal—like maybe everything—to Donne's Platonic eroticism:

. . . Ruth under his eyes is an incredible continent, the pushed-up slip a North of snow.

Or compare *Couples'* disquisitions on oral sex with Donne in *The Extasy* or *The Flea*. Above all, Updike shares Donne's genial obsessions with God and sex and his need to fuse the two in intermediary emblems, microcosm meeting macrocosm at key structural jointures. And in this, he seems to have been influenced by the schools of modern criticism which have always used Donne and his contemporaries as their number one quarry. A lot of *Rabbit Redux* seems to be written like a New Criticism re-write of a narrative originally innocent of metaphysics. Updike tucks in scores of lunar and planetary and otherwise celestial allusions, for instance, rather too conscious, I think, of the English majors who will soon be busily filleting them right out again and reassembling them into the skeletons of term papers. Some of it shows high wit, at times reminiscent of Donne; outside of *Bech* this is Updike's brightest book, though not his most brilliant. Referring to Rabbit's penis as "his microcosmic self" on the last page, he gives a last nod not only to the symbolic superstructure but to Rabbit's own patent lack of sexual formidability. Ingenious things are done with the heuristic gifts that frequently come, as any writer knows, from misread transcriptions of reality: Rabbit's typos in his linotyper job, his son's slips in reading from a book of black history, his mother's speech addled with L-Dopa, time and again all open breaches into the noumenal world, fat with truth.

In total, it is a subtle re-statement of Updike's insight that everything we know worth knowing comes as a stray gift from an infinite lode; at the same time it is an argument for his own writing. Of course this sort of thing is always in danger of becoming tricksy, and there's no question that Updike occasionally loses his tact, naming Rabbit's favorite bar "The Phoenix," for instance, or veining the early narrative with coy omens of the final cataclysm: "You're playing with fire," Rabbit's father tells him at one time. More eyeshadowing than foreshadowing, this, less cosmic than cosmetic, and grist for the critics who have always called Updike a showboater who won't work for his team.

And true, it doesn't as they say "work," in the end. Updike, for lots of reasons, hasn't yet turned the trick, hasn't found the way to make a novel-length statement out of what is, at heart, a large and ancient and rich philosophy. He's not alone. A year ago another book came out centering around the same time period and some of the same events as *Rabbit Redux* with something of the same bud of fugitive nostalgia. In *Of a Fire on the Moon*, Norman Mailer moved the usual heaven and earth to try to make sense of the moon landing, and wound up writing most poignantly about his failure to carry it off, ever to say once and for all what it all meant. Nobody important believes in story-telling anymore, and our best writers are left with the frustrating sense of great things unbodied. Galactic epics and Atrean tragedies waiting to be plucked from the newspaper; too bad you can't write them any more; still, it's what keeps you going.

Gore Vidal once wrote of Mailer: *Mailer is forever shouting at us that he is about to tell us something we must know or has just told us something revelatory and we failed to hear him or that he will, God grant his poor abused brain and body just one more chance, get through to us so that we will know. . . .*
Too often that is our sense with Updike as well; too often he leaves us hanging when all those neat conceits and orphic bodings have made us feel that any minute now we were about to be lofted off the pad and arched to a new home. Well, not yet, anyway. In a rare moment of wit, Rabbit puts his finger on it, thinking about the Apollo flight:
They keep mentioning Columbus but as far as Rabbit can see its the exact opposite: Columbus flew blind and hit something, these guys know exactly where they're aiming and it's a big round nothing.

In some ways *Rabbit Redux* has been programmed as meticulously as the Apollo 11 shot: it fairly hums with its metaphoric circuitry. But at bottom Updike still wants to be Columbus, wants to close his eyes and come into some bright new realm of awareness,

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the ultimate existence of which is testified to in almost every page he has ever written. If I had any idea how, I'd tell him. But the use of structural symbolism as an organizing principal, though much defter here than in either *The Centaur* or *Couples,* should probably be curtailed, because it seems to be in the nature of Updike's approach to literature and life that such techniques will always be essentially invertebrate, a carapace sealing in the jellyfish protoplasm rather than the branching, flowering tree of the great symbolic writers. His next book, an historical novel on the life of Fredrick Douglass, will almost certainly rely heavily on the same kind of thematic machinery, and for that reason is likely to be a mistake.

For other reasons, too. Because by now, after six novels, it is possible to get a fairly good bead on Updike's strengths and weaknesses, on what he can do and can't. He is bad, for instance, with ethnics. He can't make a believable black, or a Jewish mother, or a Greek-American car salesman. Here, he should stop trying and cut his losses He is good at representing the foreign only *as* foreign, as how it appears to the native first-person intelligence. He is not even very good at Jill, Rabbit's upper-class WASP girlfriend, whose voice often rings false. His handling of dialogue is uneven: good when within his range and used mainly as counterpoint to the narrative, usually bad when made to carry a book's weight. The worst parts of *Rabbit Redux* are when it threatens to become one of those "novel of ideas" novels like *The Shoes of the Fisherman,* where the characters function as debating teams. He can do women from outside but not from inside. Intimate relationships are a strong point—husbands to wives, especially fathers to children. His strong, metaphor-laden narrative line, of course, is what makes the whole thing go, though even that loses its pith in dream visions and interior monologues. More than anything, it is his strength and weakness both that he is one of us, most of us, and that his obsessions with sex and God, his quizzical faith in a kind of grace, are ours, they are what is being tested. If he ever finds a really satisfying solution, it will not be just a book, it will be a national event.

After ten years, I met John Updike briefly in the fall of 1970. It was about a year after the events of *Rabbit Redux,* about a year before its publication. Still in the sun of the *Bech* reviews, he looked like a happy Kennedy; bright orange tan, bright orange athletic socks in shiny Weejuns, his warren of hair like a longish crewcut's insurrection. He had the amiable mannerisms of a '50s collegiate, balancing on one foot at a time, laughing at everything. He looked exactly the way I'd imagined him 10 years ago, the budding writer who'd arrived at Harvard with a scrapbook full of over 200 rejection slips, and who'd gone on to write a book I wished I'd written. You could have believed that he was a promising young novelist whose first book had just made a splash. Well, novelists are different from athletes in one way: they last longer, and sometimes hit their peak in middle age. The times still have a few checks left to cash in, and John Updike may yet be one of them.

Records

GARCIA [*Warner Bros.*]

Dear Jerry:

The very first time I heard you play it was a miserable snowy night in New York City. I drove 75 iced miles that night to hear Janis Joplin debut her new "bay-und" at the old Fillmore East (they were simply awful) and noticed almost as an afterthought that the Grateful Dead were on the same bill. They were simply fine.

Not that the Dead were a new band then, but (to borrow a notion from Theodore Sturgeon) they were new *to me* which from a subjective viewpoint amounts nearly to the same thing. I knew a lady who owned the first Dead album and she played it for me afterwards and I've been listening to you and the Dead on records and in person ever since.

Which brings up your new album *Garcia,* the one that caused the silly flap over a dark area in the cover photo that might be a shadow or that might be a little section of (gasp!) pubic hair.

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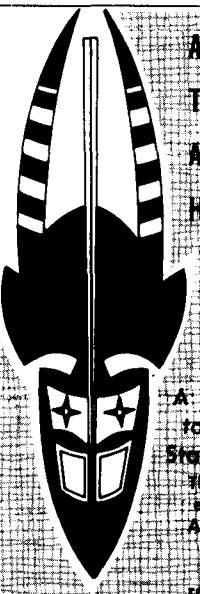

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It's a fascinating album, *Garcia* is; it strikes me as a kind of summary of your career from the days of that first album (the one that shows you as a baby-faced fella in an Uncle Sam hat) up through the most recent Dead release, with side-trails into jazz with Howard Wales and country/western with the New Riders—and beyond, into new areas.

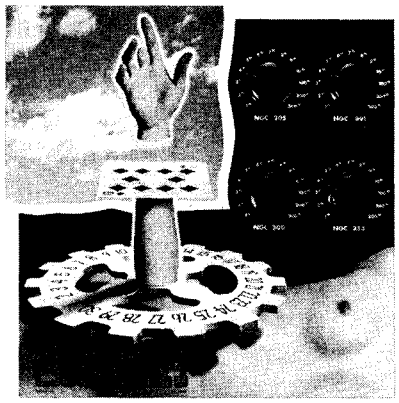
It's that last which is really important. Pop music hasn't been blazing many trails lately. Rock carried us along magnificently for half a decade or so, but it's been in the doldrums for a couple of years now. Blues is doing fine but seems to be just a little bit tinctured with a *period* feeling, while jazz for the most part has become so esoteric that it's almost impossible for the non-specialist to understand what's being played, no less to be pleasured, energized, enlightened or otherwise rewarded for his attention. All of which has led to the resurgence of what the trade calls "MOR" (middle-of-the-road music): sludge like the Carpenters, Tom Jones and their ilk.

So here's your new album, *Garcia*, which features one side of songs that could well fit into various eras of the Grateful Dead's career. "Deal" is a good, hard-driving song with your own voice, high and pure and a little bit thin, riding along on top of a good, solid Dead-type instrumental; happily reminiscent of much of the stuff on *Workingman's Dead*. And here's "Bird Song," spacier, with more emphasis on the instrumental, that guitar-organ combination with each instrument carrying what seems to be an unrelated line, yet fitting together perfectly; reminded me of *Aoxomoxoa*. And "Sugaree," a fine long bluesy line that could have come from *American Beauty* or from the latest Dead double album—or even from that first release. And "Loser," softer, more melodic, again harking to the *Beauty* album.

All of which is a feast for the ears, but nothing really new or startling.

Which makes the opening electronic material on side two all the more so. I can't really say that I got a lot out of the first two tracks, "Late for Supper" and "Spidergawd." I'm not saying they're worthless because I've never known you to release a worthless track. Some that were less successful than others, some that clearly didn't quite come off as you'd hoped, but always there has been a significant intention and always something that has come through that's been worth my attention. So I'll have to listen some more to these tracks until I see what's there.

"Eep Hour" is another story. It's electronic too, and of course not the first time you've done that sort of thing—that goes all the way back to *Anthem of the Sun* which baffled a *lot* of people until they/we learned to listen in a different way than we'd listened to you before then. "Eep Hour" combines electronics with a lot of solid, relatively conventional musicianship, especially the work of Bill Kreutzmann's percussion with your own guitar. You don't *soar* on this track, you *swoop*, it's a different effect but no less valid a one, we just have to *listen* to it



differently. It's obvious that you've been listening too; there are moments in "Eep Hour" that could slip into Pink Floyd's "Atom Heart Mother" without an audible seam. But that's fine: musicians can learn from one another; I recently watched John Cipollina use a piece of pure Jerry Garcia technique without a blush . . . well, good for him for hearing and using what's effective and good for you for devising it to start with.

The rest of *Garcia* shows its traces too; "To Lay Me Down" uses pedal steel rather the way you play it with the New Riders; "An Odd Little Place" is a quiet piece of piano and drum noodling that could have come from a Howard Wales session. I really dug the closing track, "The Wheel." A nice piece of medium-hot rock and roll, the most interesting part of it is your use of pedal again, to produce a shimmering spaciness rather than the country feel

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that's usually associated with that instrument.

The point is, each thing that you do seems to me less an encapsulated work to be preserved and appreciated, than the latest phase of your own education and exploration of audio esthetics. You walk a thin edge that separates solipsistic esoterica on one side from lumpenrock on the other. You move ahead a little distance, you develop something new, you give it to us to examine and comprehend, and thus you educate us (or facilitate our educating ourselves) while you plunge on ahead to work out the *next* thing.

A lot of people have called you a "rock guru." The term is partially sarcastic, partially serious tribute; I think I'm understanding what it means and how it's applied to you. There's not much point in putting *Garcia* on the turntable and just applying one's ears to what happens; it requires listening with one's feelings and/or intellect and it isn't always easy, but it's absolutely rewarding.

I'll try to have my homework done when you have the next lesson ready for me. And thanks.

* * *

RECENT and NOTEWORTHY

BERRIGAN RAPS [*Caedmon*]. Normally I restrict my comments here to popular music recordings, but this "talk" record reflects eloquence, relevance, importance; if the Berrigans' cases interest you, you will find it well worth listening to.

INTO THE PURPLE VALLEY, Ry Cooder [*Reprise*]. Songs mostly of the '40s and '30s (and older) done mostly straight with a mere suggestion of tongue-in-cheek; somewhat similar to the recent *Jim Kweskin's America* but much superior both in selection and execution.

JAMMING WITH EDWARD [*Rolling Stones Records*] A super-super session: Nicky Hopkins on piano, Ry Cooder on guitar plus Jagger, Wyman and Watts of the Stones; too many dull moments but still of great interest for the interaction of these talents.

CRUSADERS 1 [*Blue Thumb*]. The former Jazz Crusaders have shortened their name to broaden their audience; it should work: this fine double album is accessible without being simplistic. Is it too much to hope that the Crusaders signal the return of jazz to the people? Hear it!

FAMILY ALBUM, Stoneground [*Warner Bros.*] Super good time, foot-stompin' yellin' jumpin-around music, especially irresistable vocals by Lynne Hughes and Deirdre LaPorte.

PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION, Emerson, Lake & Palmer [*Cotillion*]. It's still a young year, but this may well prove to be the *worst* album released in 1972. Three rockers in an incredibly sloppy and self-indulgent slaughter of a fine piece of classic, romantic music. Listen to it if you feel the need to indulge a massive masochistic urge.

COPPERHEAD. The album won't be out for some months—in fact the contract isn't signed—but after a long period of preparation John Cipollina's new band has blown the San Francisco music scene wide open. Cipollina *was* the Quicksilver Messenger Service, as their dull performances without him have shown, and Copperhead has already distanced the place where QMS was at its *best*. Just keep your eyes peeled and when Copperhead's debut album appears, grab it *instanter*.

—DICK LUPOFF

TAXES *(Continued from page 35)*

wiping millions of dollars off the tax rolls, and to construct tax-exempt giants that compete in space rentals with tax-paying real estate businesses. It can lease space for restaurants, shops, all manner of businesses that gain in lower rent from the unfair advantage of tax exemption. The profits from the Port Authority's commercial operations—$12 million a year from JFK Airport restaurants alone—go back to the investors, whose profit is tax-free. Moreover, so narrowly is the Port Authority's financial operation conceived by its directors, that hundreds of millions of dollars in surpluses, which could be used to salvage New York's collapsing mass transit system, are kept in reserve—not for the people of New York City, but for bondholders. Thus does public authority and private power come together in a massive fusion of wealth that leaves the ordinary tax-paying New Yorker as its victim. (There is a special added

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attraction to the Port Authority's situation. The World Trade Center was built during a time when the office boom in New York City suffered a setback because of the recession. Two 110-story *unrented* kleenex boxes would have meant financial difficulty for the Port Authority and its bonds. But Governor Nelson Rockefeller came to the rescue by renting 58 floors of the center for New York State offices. What is one of the biggest financial institutions with holdings in the Port Authority? The Chase Manhattan Bank. And who is the chief executive and biggest stockholder in Chase Manhattan Bank? *David* Rockefeller.)

As WITH SO MANY OTHER areas of public life, the question of who wins and who loses economic privileges from the tax law is a political question; Congress and the President determine the shape of our revenue system. And, as in so many other areas, those who hold wealth also control great political leverage. Rich people can be liberal, conservative, reactionary, radical; they may oppose the war or favor equal rights for racial and religious minorities; they may want to fight pollution or cure cancer. But there just aren't that many people who are on the long end of the stick who will voluntarily surrender tax privileges that save them thousands of dollars a year. Consequently, those with protected wealth offer massive campaign contributions in return for the "right" vote to block tax reforms. This strength has produced in liberals as well as conservative Presidents a pattern of building inequity into the tax structure.

In 1971, for example, with one of the biggest peacetime federal deficits in history, President Nixon authorized a new set of rules governing capital depreciation that will cost the federal treasury—and therefore the American taxpayer—$39 billion by the end of the decade. This is perhaps no surprise, given Nixon's lifelong career of pandering to the economic interests of big business.

But liberals like John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson did little better. The tax cut of 1964—originated by Kennedy and passed under Lyndon Johnson—was nothing less than a windfall for the rich. Economist Leon Keyserling noted this breakdown of benefits:

The one-third of American taxpayers who earned less than $3000 got 3.7 percent of the cut.

The 1.9 percent earning $20,000 a year got 21.1 percent of the cut.

And the one-third of 1 percent of taxpayers making $50,000 got 8.3 percent of the cut.

This windfall came at a time when corporate profits had grown by more than twice as much as the economic growth rate and by almost four times as much as a worker's weekly earnings.

The damage to our political system spawned by this pattern of privilege cannot be overstated. A $150-a-week employee may not know the details of the capital gains law; but if he knows that he pays more of his income in taxes than the people who own the plant he works in, that is enough to breed cynicism in the most patriotic of citizens. It has been, too, one of the prime reasons for the bitter reaction of working-class whites against programs to promote social justice. When a wage-earner sees "socially conscious" businessmen promoting government programs for the poor, when he hears rich executives tell him to "give a damn," he knows that given the way the tax system is rigged *those advocates will not be paying their fair share of the program.* His son's job security may clash directly with the demand of racial minorities to be admitted to a union; Head Start centers in ghettos may mean more competition for inadequate openings in a state university in another 15 years; but however much social justice for the poor may cost the not-quite-poor, the top wealthholders will continue to evade their share of taxes. In this sense, the growing belief among working Americans that the very rich and the very poor are squeezing him from both sides turns out to have a hard economic basis in reality.

Despite the Byzantine complexities of the tax system—which by itself amounts to a full employment program for the nation's tax lawyers—the theory remains strong that the tax code is not an instrument of social policy; that its sole function is to raise revenue. In

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fact, this is nonsense. Every exemption, deduction, credit, and surcharge amounts to a statement of policy. We encourage private charities; we believe that those who are blind, over 65, or dependent deserve special consideration. Those are, in principle, unobjectionable policies.

But our tax law as it now stands encourages—intentionally or not—a plethora of policies that directly promote the concentration of economic power. The merger wave of the late 1960s was in part the result of companies looking for tax advantages through takeovers; the absorption of large tracts of land by corporate conglomerates is encouraged by depreciation laws that enable these companies to sell land at enormous profits without taking on a high tax load; the growing use by insurance companies of the "equity kicker"—demanding part ownership in a development enterprise in return for investing capital in it—reflects the tax breaks available under that kind of practice. The result of all of these practices is *concentration:* the use of capital not so much to start new enterprises, but to absorb old ones. And thus, while our antitrust policies encourage diversity, competition, and a halt to concentrated ownership, our tax laws promote exactly the reverse.

Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield are free-lance journalists. This article will appear in their forthcoming book A Populist Manifesto: The Making of a New Majority *(Praeger).*

Letters

[YES ON HOOKERS]

Editors: The letter by Eric Edmunds printed in the February RAMPARTS about "Carnal Knowledge: A Portrait of Four Hookers" reveals the extent of elitism current within the left. The idea that RAMPARTS should be a sort of left-wing *New Republic* is absurd. What RAMPARTS and this country need is more articles like Kate Coleman's, not "an articulate yet witty" rehash of the liberal press.

—Bill Pelz
Chicago, Illinois

Editors: Though I know everyone has different tastes, I was actually shocked to read the criticism of Kate Coleman's article [which] was not covered up with condescending nonentities — nor wrapped up in sociological jargon, which unfortunately is a characteristic of liberals' treatment of "social ills."

Three cheers for Kate. . . . She removed herself from the white-collar journalists who write about poverty from their university offices, the doctors who write about drug addiction from their carpeted waiting rooms, and the judges who sentence prostitutes to jail from their authoritative benches.

—Margie Knipe
Madison, Wisc.

[TRANSLATION HELP?]

Editors: I have recently read an article in the January 1972 issue of RAMPARTS by Robert Fitch, entitled "GREECE: Jacki and Ari and George and Tom and Spiro and . . ." which I enjoyed very much.

I am personally very interested in the political situation in Greece and have a large number of friends that would benefit from reading the article; however, they do not read English.

I would appreciate any information on how to obtain this article written in Italian or Greek and be willing to pay a reasonable amount for the copy.

Please send any information to:
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Thank you.

—Patricia M. Da Silva

[CANCER—ANOTHER VIEW]

Editors: I have read with interest the article "Behind the Cancer Campaign" by Robert Bazell in the December RAMPARTS. I think it is worthy of comment, emphasis, and some changes in perspective.

The author is a Ph.D. and immunologist and is not in a position to discuss the issue from the perspective of having been faced with the clinical problem. He does, however, call attention to some very important points that need to be stressed. They are as follows:

1) There will be no sudden breakthrough in the treatment of cancer. Most serious investigators, political motives dismissed, have made no claim that a breakthrough will come. There will be, as the author states, no penicillin for cancer—for treatment or for prevention.

2) The major deficit in what we do about cancer at the present time is related to the health care delivery system. This is badly in need of attention. The present legislation does provide for 15 treatment centers which could begin to attack this problem. We badly need to reduce the gap between what we know how to do and what we do. For example, we could essentially eliminate carcinoma of the cervix as a cause of death in this country. Despite this, our federal policy makers saw fit to remove support for Pap smear programs. Furthermore, it is the indigent who are most at risk from this disease. The present legislation and direction of the National Cancer Institute offers hope that cancer control money will again be made available for this as well as other purposes.

There are, however, additional points which should be made to enable the reader to put the cancer problem into better perspective. The author implies that doing something about cancer is not a major health need of the American people. This is absurd. As a matter of fact, at least one poll showed that for better or for worse, the American people felt that this was one of their most important single health needs. The reason is not difficult to discern and is due to the fear that cancer justifiably instills in people. Despite the fact that the author apparently feels that life after 65 is not worth much, cancer does not produce death by sneaking up on you. It does not silently and quietly strike you dead in the middle of the night. Instead, it causes increasing pain, suffering, psychological and financial distress, and dehumanizes its victim no matter what his age. Furthermore, if he believes that youth is the most important part of our culture, then some statistics like those used to discuss lead poisoning are of note—namely that *the single commonest disease causing death in children after the infancy period is cancer.* Breast cancer causes more deaths in women aged 40-44 (young by my standards) than any other single disease. . . .

The author states quite correctly that

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good management in itself will not solve the cancer problem; however, bad management may impede its solution. Both the American Association for Cancer Research and the American Cancer Society felt that better management would result from changing some administrative mechanisms and that more money could be used to exploit what we already know. In this regard, support for a larger budget by the American Association for Cancer Research may, from the author's perspective, be suspect because so many of its members depend upon the National Cancer Institute for support of their activities. On the other hand, the physicians who make up the American Cancer Society are mostly voluntary members in practice who have little to gain personally from the legislation except better ways to manage patients.

The author makes some judgments on carcinogenesis which are worthy of comment. He appears to favor some kind of special role for chemical carcinogenesis. A more reasonable view of the state of the art at the present time is that there are many substances (chemicals, high energy radiation, viruses) which probably play a role in the development of cancer in man. Furthermore, the reader needs to understand that under almost every circumstance the conditions necessary to demonstrate carcinogenesis in the laboratory are highly artificial. . . .

The author's suggestion about getting a good G.P. is as American as apple pie. To oppose it seems un-American. Nevertheless, it is impractical. G.P.'s are disappearing because there is too much relevant clinical information for any human being to digest. The result has been specialization. Consider, for instance, that the average M.D. now sees three to five new cancer patients per year. This number is too small to permit the development of complicated skills either in diagnosis or treatment. More M.D.s will not solve this problem. . . .

It seems to me that the new legislation offers a good start in dealing with one of the many difficult and important problems in our society. . . .

—John R. Durant, M.D., Director
Cancer Research & Training
Program, University of Alabama
in Birmingham

[LUDLOW/ATTICA]

Editors: Rockefeller at the mines in "Ludlow Massacre Revisited" [January 1972 RAMPARTS] reminds me of Grandmother's tale of Rockefeller at the mints.

In the nineteen-teens she waited on the Ford, Rockefeller and Morgan clans at the Great Inns that once dominated Northeast and Seal Harbor, Maine, seascapes.

She remembers them as the miserliest of tippers. Not only would Rockefeller's table be barren of coins, but on the way out he would scoop into his pocket the remaining contents of the little mint dishes, mints the waitresses looked forward to munching on after serving these Great Men.

—Delia Mae Farris
Cutler, Maine

Editors: . . . Your January RAMPARTS; which carried "Ludlow Massacre Revisited" was rather timely indeed. The Attica Liberation Front thanks you!

Keep up the good work and don't forget the Brothers in "HBZ." . . . Publish this as a memoriam to Sam Melville Grossman and the Attica Victims of Rockefeller's racist oppressive tactics.

—Bro. Herbert X Blyden
Minister of Information
Attica Liberation Front

Zimbabwe! *(From page 20)*

sovereignty to the British South Africa Company—a company which owed its charter to the government itself. Yet British Foreign Secretaries, very much in the manner of Sir Alec, preceeded to express pious respect for native rights. Seventy-five years of British overlordship in which the Labor Party and the Tory Party compete in deception and hypocrisy have educated a generation of Zimbabwe liberation fighters. They expect no more from London that they do from Salisbury. No U.N. resolutions can liberate their people, no statements from the Organization of African Unity. Only determined struggle against a regime which knows it is cornered by history. A saying of the Zimbabwe people expresses it well: "Time longer than rope."

—R.F.

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Angela Davis (b/w portrait)	20x26
Eldridge Cleaver (dynamic pose)	30x42
Huey Newton (seated pose)	30x42
Malcolm X (closeup at mike)	30x42
AMERICAN INDIAN PORTRAITS	
Chief Joseph (Nez Perce)	23x35
Chief Gall (Hunkpapa)	23x35
Chief Red Cloud (Oglala)	23x35
Chief Sitting Bull (Dakota)	23x35
Chief Red Shirt (Sioux)	23x35
Geronimo (Apache)	23x35
Chief Joseph's Surrender Speech	17x22
Would you buy a used car from this man? (photo Nixon leering)	30x42
Different Drummer (Thoreau quote)	23x35
I Do My Thing (Perl's love poem)	23x35
Keep on Truckin' (color cartoon)	23x35
David Cassidy (Partridge Family)	30x42
Meanest S. O. B. in theValley	*21x30*
Keep America Beautiful — Get a Haircut (G. Washington w/crewcut)	18x23
We Serve & Protect (cop giving finger)	23x35
1st Prize (Granny showing pot plant)	18x23
Wanted: Jesus Christ (reward)	17x23
Mr. Natural (famous comic character)	23x29
Your Problem Is Obvious (man with his head up his ass, in color)	15x23
Hippie Peeing on Wall St. Banker	23x33
Jane Fonda (nude smiling pose)	22x28
M. Baba (face of Christ arisen)	23x35
"Streets in Turmoil" (Hitler's quote on Law 'n Order in 1932)	21x26

● All above posters $1.25 each ppd.

Cannabis Sativa (giant pot plant)	23x35
Smile (distraught Nixon on toilet)	23x35
"Beep, Beep, Your Ass!" (Wiley Coyote strangling Road Runner)	23x35
Easy Rider 1947 (Popeye, Olive making love — state you're 21)	23x35
Zodiac Sex Positions (state you're 21)	21x33

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The Boston chapter of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War sponsored the Winter Soldier Investigation II which was held on October ,7 8, 9, 1971. Earthlight Video has compiled three and a half hours of edited video tape documentating the proceedings: An Overview, The Electronic Battlefield, The Air War, The Phoenix Progman, Vet's Problems: Drugs, Racism and Unemployment. For details write: Vietnam Vets Against the War, 67 Winthrop Ct., Cambridge, Mass 02138.

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